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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

AS we feared last week, a General Election is to be precipitated over the trumpery affair of the Campbell prosecution. For this result, which may easily imperil the Irish Bill, the Government must bear the sole responsibility. It was Mr. MacDonald who chose to force the issue this week, after Mr. Baldwin had suggested leaving it until next month. The Liberal amendment was deliberately chosen so as *not* to be a vote of censure, and there is no warrant either in precedent or reason for the decision of the Cabinet to treat it as such. As Mr. Asquith pointed out in a speech the consummate urbanity of which was in striking contrast to the "persecution complex" from which the Prime Minister appears to suffer, Select Committees to investigate charges affecting the honour of Ministers are "an ordinary part of our Parliamentary procedure." Governments with independent majorities have accepted them without "whimpering about torture-chambers." The Ministers concerned have had to face "the boot, the thumb-screw, and the rack, and all the rest of the apparatus of mediæval cruelty," and have found the Select Committee prove "one of the fairest tribunals in the world."

To meet the complaint that the Labour Party would be in a minority on the Committee, Mr. Asquith offered to waive in their favour the Liberal representation. What could have been fairer? The Cabinet's decision to treat the issue as one of confidence is only explicable (unless, as we do not believe, there are further material facts in the Campbell affair which they are anxious to conceal) on the assumption that they wish to prevent a full debate on the Russian Treaties in the House of Commons, and to confuse the issue in the constituencies. The Russian Treaties are, of course, the real cause of the election. They must be the main issue in it; and we shall, accordingly, publish next week a special Supplement devoted to their examination.

As the occasion of a General Election, the Campbell affair was made absurdly inadequate by the lengthy and well-documented explanation which Sir Patrick Hastings

gave on Wednesday. It may be doubted whether, if this explanation had been given to the House before, either the Conservative motion of censure or the Liberal amendment would have been tabled. But it was obvious that the previous Ministerial accounts were lacking in candour, and it was not surprising that suspicions should have been widespread (it is obvious from Mr. Baldwin's speech that he entertained them) that the lack of candour was graver than it has proved to be. The Prime Minister had to apologize to the House for his denial that he had been "consulted" in the matter, but he gave no clear account of the part which he and the Cabinet did in fact play, and the demand for an inquiry, once made, could hardly have been withdrawn in the circumstances. Certainly the Prime Minister, after having to make such an apology, had no right to treat the demand for a Select Committee as an insult. On the merits of the case, it is clear that it was foolish ever to institute proceedings. Had a strike been in progress, entailing the use of troops to maintain order, the article in question would certainly have called for instant action. But in the circumstances, the "incitement to mutiny" was hypothetical and purely technical; and a wise Attorney-General ignores such offences in a paper of extreme obscurity. We do not feel our constitutional sense outraged because the Attorney-General decided to drop a case so foolishly begun, and was pressed to do so, as he obviously was, by his Cabinet colleagues. Most Liberal members, we imagine, would share these views, and are certainly not in favour of unnecessary Campbell prosecutions.

"If they threw this Treaty away," said Mr. Ponsonby at Sheffield on Sunday, "Russia would be alienated, displeased, offended, and hostile." We should all of us be sorry, of course, to displease the Soviet Government, especially when they have graciously intimated that they would not disdain to borrow money from us. But really this suggestion that we should lend in order to avert hostility is painfully reminiscent of *Danegeld*, the device by which Æthelred, misnamed the "Unready," sought to buy off the invader in A.D. 991. If Mr. Ponsonby thinks that ex-

pedient a good one, he must be reminded that the dose had to be repeated at short intervals in order that the Danes should not be "displeased."

A significant resolution carried unanimously at the annual conference of the National Unionist Association has been almost entirely overlooked amidst the flood of twaddle about Conservative working-class M.P.s. Lord Cecil moved that it was urgently necessary that the powers and composition of the Second Chamber should be so modified as to ensure that no far-reaching change in the law or constitution of the country can be made by the House of Commons alone, without the expressed assent of the electorate. This resolution implies the repeal of the Parliament Act, but as it is a "hardy annual" at the Unionist conference it might not have been taken to represent a plank in the Party's immediate platform if Mrs. F. H. Glanville had not moved an amendment requiring the leaders to give prominence to proposals for reforming the Second Chamber when the next appeal is made to the country. It was the resolution *thus amended* which was carried unanimously, and it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Baldwin courts disaster by obeying these peremptory instructions.

By a curious irony of circumstances the Labour Party, at a moment when the Government is in grave difficulties on two issues connected with Communism, has dealt a smashing blow to the British Communists. By huge majorities the Party Conference approved the recommendations of its Executive that the Communist Party's application for affiliation be refused, and that individual Communists shall be ineligible for endorsement as Labour Party candidates. The former of these two motions was carried last year, and this year's anti-Communist vote shows a considerable increase, while the pro-Communist vote has fallen to nearly one half—a fact which bears out the general impression that the Communist Party, small though it always was both in numbers and in influence, is now suffering a loss of both. Having accepted the Executive's proposals, the Conference proceeded, by a small majority, to pass a resolution put forward by a local organization that members of the Communist Party should not even be eligible for membership of the Labour Party. The closeness of the vote in this case was probably due to realization of the practical difficulties in which the logical application of the resolution will involve the trade unions. Individual Communists can no more be excluded from the unions than members of the Liberal and Conservative Parties, and if they pay their political levy without protest it is difficult to see how their membership of the Labour Party can in fact be prevented.

The resolutions of the Liberal Party in Italy at its Leghorn Congress are on the whole the severest blow the Fascist Government has yet received. Hitherto there has been a kind of accommodation for practical purposes between the Liberals and the Government, which, indeed, includes two Liberal Ministers. But it was manifest that if Liberalism, with all its great traditions, meant anything still in Italy, it must assert itself against the negation of democracy and liberty which is the essence of the present governmental system, and which, to Liberals at least, is not justified by Mussolini's administrative efficiency. There will no doubt be a split in the Liberal Party as a result of the Leghorn resolutions. The two Liberal Ministers may decide to retain their places in the Cabinet. But when a resolution, or series

of resolutions, undisguisedly hostile to the Government, can be carried by a majority of 23,714 to 5,490 there is little room for doubt as to the mind of the great bulk of the party. In point of fact, one of the present Ministers, Prince Di Scalea, went so far as to vote against a pro-Government resolution introduced by the Right Wing, who will now in all probability join the Fascists definitely, leaving the Liberal Party as a whole in open opposition. Signor Mussolini's paper, the "Popolo d'Italia," makes no attempt to conceal its anger at the Liberal move. It will be interesting to see whether the other parties, particularly the Socialists and the Partito Popolare, will be inspired by the Liberals' move to assert themselves, as they have conspicuously failed to do in the last two years. If they should, and if the Liberals and the Popolari can co-operate at all, Fascismo will be in for the fight of its life.

As mention was made last week of the Italian navy's activities in the Dodecanese, it is as well to review, briefly, the position with regard to these islands. They were originally occupied in the war of 1912. Italy agreed to return them in the treaty of peace which ended it, but never did so in fact, as she alleged a breach of other sections of the Treaty by the Turkish Government. She has remained in possession of them ever since. The Treaty of London recognized Italy's right to the islands, and the Treaty of Sèvres provided that they should be ceded to Italy by Turkey, which was still nominally the sovereign power in possession of them. It seems, however, that the British Government regarded this cession as a mere technical preliminary to a further agreement between Italy and Greece, whereby Greece should be given the islands in full sovereignty. An agreement of the kind was signed between M. Venizelos and the Italian ambassador in Paris; but the Government of Signor Mussolini repudiated it. The Treaty of Lausanne grants the islands to Italy: but, as she has not used it to annex them outright, one may assume that the clause granting them is to be read in the same sense as the similar clause in the Treaty of Sèvres. If this is so, the British Government still retains a right of argument in the matter, though possibly a precarious one. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the impropriety of Italy's military surveys of unannexed territory. If undertaken at all they ought to follow annexation and not precede it. The probability is that, at the moment, the Italian Government is swayed solely by military considerations. If the recent manœuvres show that the islands are strategically valuable there is little probability that the Italians will loose their hold on them.

Speaking at Milan last Sunday, Signor Mussolini is reported to have said:—

"The Italian people are too prolific. I am very glad of that. I will not conduct Malthusian propaganda. . . . Markets are closed to us as the country grows. Only three roads are open to it; to addict itself to voluntary sterility—Italians are too intelligent to do that; make war; or seek outlets for the over-population."

It has not hitherto been generally recognized that the practice of birth-control is in inverse ratio to intelligence. It is clear that Signor Mussolini is opposed to any restriction of the birth-rate, but it is not clear whether he would prefer war to wholesale emigration as a remedy for over-population, or indeed whether he regards these as *alternatives* or merely different aspects of an aggressive policy. In any case, the spirit of his utterance shows how remote from reality are the Geneva proposals for stereotyping the *status quo* on which we comment in a leading article.

The American President is admittedly faced by the danger of defeat on November 4th, a danger from which nothing but the fear of a constitutional deadlock may avail to save him. His Democratic opponent has indubitably improved his position in the West, and he stands to gain large blocks of votes in the East if the business community is, as reports imply, seriously disturbed by the evidence of Republican discredit and the advance of Senator La Follette's campaign. Mr. Davis will hold the South, and should carry New York State; but there can be no doubt that the Labour support of La Follette will mean heavy losses for the Democrats—sufficient, perhaps, to counterbalance the loss to Mr. Coolidge of the Western Republican States that are certain of going to La Follette. The latest forecasts give California and the important farming State of Iowa to the Progressives. Should this estimate be correct, and La Follette be able to win one more doubtful Middle State, there would be no majority in the electoral college, and the President would have to be chosen by Congress. One competent campaign authority says the House of Representatives would almost certainly favour Mr. Davis. But his guess would seem to ignore the strength of the Western farm bloc.

Zaghloul has come and gone, and the dispatch addressed by Mr. MacDonald to the High Commissioner for Egypt shows how complete was the cleavage of policy which their conversations disclosed. Zaghloul demanded not only complete rights of ownership over the Sudan, but also the withdrawal of all British troops from Egyptian territory, and the abandonment by the Government of its claim to protect the Suez Canal, the withdrawal of British financial and judicial advisers, and the disappearance of all British control over Egypt's foreign relations and over her treatment of foreigners and minorities. In other words, Zaghloul stood out for a hundred per cent. of nationalism and for a considerable dash of imperialism besides. Mr. MacDonald appears to have told him that, although this country had no kind of desire to encroach upon the sovereignty of the Egyptian Government, it could not abandon either its responsibilities in the Sudan or its vital interests in the Suez Canal. There for the present the matter rests, but Mr. MacDonald points out that the Egyptian attitude threatens to make the *status quo* in the Sudan intolerable, and that the conditions at present prevailing cannot continue indefinitely. Whatever may be the fate of Mr. MacDonald's administration, he has taken the only possible course in this matter, and he has rendered no small service both to this country and to Egypt by placing his views thus clearly on record. Egypt now knows that her present demands cannot be accepted by any Government in Great Britain.

The political news from India has given place this week to reports of inundations caused by the rising of the Jumna and other rivers. In the Punjab and the United Provinces they have been more extensive and desolating than any floods within living memory. Simla has been isolated; hundreds of villages have been submerged, and the homeless are a vast multitude. Immediate relief measures on a great scale are imperative. The Hindu-Moslem conference at Delhi closed with the adoption of a set of resolutions, and Mr. Gandhi has completed his remarkable penitential fast of twenty-one days. The Indian Liberals, led by Mr. Sastri and Mrs. Besant, have called a conference on progressive self-government, to meet in Bombay next month. Mr. Gandhi, presumably, will attend, and an effort is being made to secure the co-operation of leading members of the European community. Their presence at the Delhi gathering was noted as a hopeful innovation.

The sudden abdication of King Husein gave an unexpected turn to the Wahabi raid into the Hedjaz; but it should not be thought that the incident has gained in importance on that account. The issue between Ibn Saud and King Husein was personal jealousy; and the abdication of the King was due to disagreements between him and his nobles, fomented by dynastic rivalry and palace intrigues, all of which are the merest commonplace of Arab politics. As far as the news goes, the new King, Ali, is coming to terms with the Wahabis, and will probably get them out of Taif. It is much to be hoped that he will be successful; for the capture of the city was the worst feature in the business. Arab warfare is singularly harmless if it is kept out of the towns; but, when once a group of raiding tribesmen manage to seize walled territory, their operations are apt to get an ugly momentum. A Wahabi hegemony over northern Arabia is not likely in a peninsula where the science of political equilibrium is so adroitly and successfully practised.

The Covent Garden strike and its collapse should give trade unionists food for thought. Press comments have been confined to illustrations of the futility of the strike weapon and the tyranny of trade union officials—and on these well-worn themes the serious-minded trade unionist has his own settled opinions. But this dispute also suggests reflection on a fundamental problem of trade union organization. To-day the tendency is to amalgamate and consolidate into one organization all workers whose interests are to any extent common. The result is typified by the Transport Workers' Union with its ramifications into all kinds of transport and allied work. At the head of this vast organization is a single individual, who may have to take a hand in three or four different sets of negotiations at the same moment. His knowledge of the details in each case must be enough to equip him, not only as a barrister, but as a general. In the Covent Garden dispute, there is no doubt that Mr. Bevin made a very great error of judgment. There is equally no doubt that Mr. Bevin is an extremely capable trade union leader. The only conclusion is that Mr. Bevin did not devote sufficient attention to the matter, and when it is realized that he was conducting several other most important negotiations at the time, it is easy to see that he could not cope with everything he had on hand. Big unions are no more use than a Triple Alliance if they are going to break down in this way, and it is important that trade unionists should realize this danger in their efforts to avoid rivalry between overlapping unions.

Our Irish Correspondent writes:—"Irish Cabinet Ministers are gradually assembling again in Dublin after their journeys to Geneva and other places in search of relaxation combined with business. It is not unnatural that their arrival should be followed by another crop of rumours as to Ministerial changes—but there is no evidence that such rumours are justified. On the other hand it is fairly clear that strenuous attempts have been made to bring about some new arrangements, and the general belief seems to be that the President has availed himself of the vacation period to hold a number of more or less formal meetings with members of the National group with a view to joining forces. The crux of the situation really lies in obtaining control of the Cumann na nGaedhael. This was originally a solid party supporting the Government with quiet determination, but since the time of the Army crisis and the secession of many of its most influential members it has suffered a number of severe shocks, and at the present time the internal discipline and morale leave a good deal to be desired."

A FALSE STEP AT GENEVA.

THE grand carnival of a General Election will soon absorb all the interest which the British people can spare for public affairs. It is therefore the more urgent to call attention, prompt and sharp and critical, to the work of the Fifth Assembly. Things done at Geneva may well have a more vital influence on the welfare of the British people than things done at Westminster. It is not healthy that we should give to the former only a small fraction of the attention which we pour out in profusion on the latter; nor is the sort of attention that we do give to League affairs a very healthy sort. We are apt to leave comment to two classes of persons: (1) League enthusiasts who praise as a matter of course everything the League proposes; (2) sceptics who wish to confine the League to minor functions, and who keep a keen look-out for any possible infraction of national sovereignty. It is as though the dividing line in our national politics was between those who believed and those who disbelieved in Parliamentary institutions, and as though it was a point of honour with the former to praise everything done at Westminster. If that were the position, our Acts of Parliament would not be very wisely drawn, and the public would not obtain a very clear idea of the issues which they raised. The idea which the British public has obtained of the issues raised by the Draft Protocol signed last week at Geneva is extraordinarily hazy. It knows vaguely that the principle of the compulsory arbitration of all disputes has been adopted, and it accepts this, without much interest and without any criticism, as a valuable and impeccable achievement. It is, however, vaguely disturbed by rumours that the British Navy has been pledged in some way as the police force of the League, and its active interest is virtually confined to a desire to know exactly how matters stand in this respect. It is along different lines and in a different spirit that the "Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes" needs to be discussed.

The compulsory arbitration of all disputes is the keystone of the Protocol, and it is upon this that the searchlight of criticism needs to be directed. Compulsory arbitration is a grotesquely inappropriate, an inherently fantastic method for settling non-justiciable disputes; and we are deeply convinced that only harm can result from basing international agreements on principles that are absurd. We should maintain this on general grounds, even if we could not now specify any particular disadvantages and concrete dangers. Unfortunately, it is only too easy to discern how this ill-considered Protocol is likely to warp the development of the League, to contort its influence, and to frustrate, perhaps irremediably, the fulfilment of the most essential condition of its success—the ultimate inclusion within its membership of every State in the world.

It is appropriate and right to submit to arbitration "disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty, as to any question of international law, as to the existence of any fact which if established would constitute a breach of international obligation," which Article 13 of the Covenant specifies as "among those which are generally suitable for arbitration." More generally, arbitration is possible when a rule is common ground, and when the only dispute is as to the application of that rule to a particular case. But where there is no clear rule or accepted principle to which appeal can be made, where the two parties to a dispute put forward incompatible claims which are imponderable in their nature, the essential conditions of arbitration are lacking. This distinction is in no way peculiar to international affairs. Its

importance is shown very clearly in the history of labour disputes, where agreements to submit questions as to the interpretation of wage settlements have usually worked successfully, but where attempts (such as have been made in some of our Dominions) to enforce arbitration as to new wage settlements have invariably proved either futile or positively mischievous. You can submit to arbitration such a question as the meaning of the Boundary Clause of the Irish Treaty, but not such a question as whether Ireland should have Home Rule. For in the latter case there is no basis for an arbitral award. You can take one side, or you can take the other. You can suggest reasonable compromises, which you think the parties would do well to accept. In other words, you can conciliate and mediate; but you cannot pronounce with any hope that your pronouncement will be received with the respect attaching to the decision of a judge on a point of law.

This point was clearly grasped by the famous Bryce Committee, the League to Enforce Peace, the League of Nations Society, and the other bodies which during the war-years did the hard constructive thinking which made the League of Nations possible. In the main, it was faithfully observed by the authors of the Covenant. The members of the League have bound themselves to submit to arbitration those disputes which they recognize to be "suitable" for arbitration; other disputes are to be referred to the Council, which is "to endeavour to effect a settlement," and, if it fails to do so, is to "make and publish a report" as to the facts, together with any "recommendations" which it thinks fit to add. In order to give every chance to the mediation process, the members of the League are bound not to resort to war "until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council." That is how the Covenant leaves the matter, and in the present stage of international development, wisely leaves it.

The new Protocol proposes to go further. It provides that, if conciliation fails, arbitration shall then become obligatory. It is easy to understand the appeal which this proposal makes. "We grant," it is said, "that there are many disputes to which arbitration is not really suitable, and which are better settled by mediation. We leave the process of mediation, provided for by the Covenant, unchanged. But if this process fails, what then? All that the Protocol does is to substitute arbitration for war as the ultimate resort. Is not this at least a less unsatisfactory alternative?"

To this we reply, in the first place, that the process of mediation is not left unchanged. Its whole atmosphere must be altered by the very fact that arbitration is substituted for war as the ultimate resort. It is the essence of conciliation that parties are induced to agree to some compromise largely because it seems preferable to the alternative of failing to agree. If that alternative is altered, the character of an acceptable compromise, and the chance of reaching any compromise, are altered also. In order to gauge how they are likely to be altered, we must face the question, "How in the last resort are arbitrators likely to decide?"

The answer to this question, with regard to some disputes, is an enigma. We cannot, for instance, conceive the principles on which arbitrators could have pronounced on the pre-war dispute between Britain and Germany over the Bagdad Railway. But in most non-justiciable cases, the principle by which arbitrators must inevitably be governed is easy to discern. They must go by precedent, they must adhere to the *status quo*, they must, as we said last week, exalt the dead hand above the living need. Indeed, this is no mere estimate of probabilities; it is the spirit, and almost the letter, of the

Protocol itself. This fact can perhaps be best brought out by quoting a passage of the official "General Report":—

"There is a third class of disputes to which the new system of pacific settlement can also not be applied. These are disputes which aim at revising treaties and international acts in force, or which seek to jeopardize the existing territorial integrity of signatory States. The proposal was made to include these exceptions in the Protocol, but the two Committees were unanimous in considering that, both from the legal and from the political point of view, the impossibility of applying compulsory arbitration to such cases was so obvious that it was quite superfluous to make them the subject of a special provision. It was thought sufficient to mention them in this report."

The wording of this passage is dangerously ambiguous; but, when taken with the rest of the documents, its meaning is plain. A State which desires the revision of a treaty is debarred from raising the matter as a dispute at all. It cannot denounce a treaty and then submit its claims to the Council for arbitration, for the Council could not entertain such an appeal. The revision of treaties can only be dealt with by the Assembly, where the requirement of unanimity gives any interested State a *liberum veto*. Thus a member of the League to whom the *status quo* has become intolerable is deprived of all remedy. It cannot raise the matter as a dispute. It can obtain no relief from the Assembly, except by leave of the State against whom its claim is directed. It is pledged to refrain, even as an ultimate resort, from recourse to war; and, if it should break this undertaking, it is threatened with the opposition, and the State in possession is promised the support, of all the military and naval forces which the League can rally.

This is to stereotype the *status quo* with a vengeance. Did our British delegates, one of whom, Mr. Arthur Henderson, when already a Minister, urged the imperative need of revising the Treaty of Versailles, realize the full implications of this Protocol? Most existing treaties, it must be remembered, have no time-limit. Even if satisfactory and just when originally concluded, the dynamic forces of a changing world are apt to render them unsatisfactory, unjust, and sometimes intolerable. It is, indeed, well-nigh inconceivable that all treaties which are in force to-day should be tolerable a century hence. It is well to aim at securing that necessary changes shall be brought about by peaceful means. But it is not well to give any single interested State the power of vetoing any change, and to assure it, if it exercises that veto, of the protection of the whole might of the League. This must serve to encourage a State, whose treaty rights have been transformed by the passage of time into obsolete vested privileges, to refuse concessions, and to stand pat by the letter of the law. It must serve, we fear, by damming-up the forces of change until they have accumulated an explosive energy, to make eventual war more probable.

It is in the light of this situation that we have to judge the undertaking, however qualified, to put our armed forces at the service of the League. If a State has grievances against the *status quo* which enlist British sympathy, and after persistent attempts fails to obtain redress by peaceful means, we do not believe that British opinion would tolerate the use of British forces to suppress that State, if it should finally resort to war. Can anyone believe it in the light of the history of the nineteenth century? Nor do we believe in giving undertakings which we are not prepared to carry out. It is a very different affair from the defunct Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the main purpose of which was to place effective sanctions behind the *existing* obligations of the

Covenant. A State which refused to wait until the Council had reported on its claims would not deserve British sympathy, no matter how reasonable its claims might be; and we ought to be prepared to pledge ourselves to take up arms against such a State, where it is practicable to do so. Such a pledge was, indeed, implied in Article 16 of the Covenant, but, as Mrs. Swanwick describes on another page, there had been a tendency to explain Article 16 away, and it had become important to reassert it as a reality.

This was necessary, and this was all that was necessary. The wars which there is reason to-day to fear in Europe, and which keep so many peoples in constant anxiety, are not such wars as may take place three months after the Council has published a report on the matter in dispute. They are the wars that may come like a thief in the night, launched after secret preparation by an aggressive State. It is these wars that we need to prevent; it is against these dangers that we need to mobilize the forces of international law and order. If we could do this, we should do much. We should do as much as, in our judgment, is now practicable to give a sense of security to those peoples who suspect the intentions of their neighbours; and we should do well to aim next at developing the law-making and law-changing functions of the League—not at crippling them, as this Protocol would do, by placing the massed might of the world behind the *liberum veto* which each State now possesses. "Force and right," said Joubert, "rule the world; force till right is ready." It is our business to make right ready; but it is neither good sense nor good pacifism to try to rule out force as an underlying bargaining factor in disputes with which right is not yet ready to deal.

THE SCALES OF LORD GREY.

WE make no apology for devoting our leading articles this week to matters remote from the immediate political crisis. It is, we conceive, our primary duty to call attention to urgent matters which are in danger of neglect. The Irish question, which is the sole reason why members are gathered to-day at Westminster, is being almost wholly forgotten. It is assumed that the Bill is safe, that the discharge of our bond is assured, and that there is no need to worry. These are dangerous assumptions.

The speech which Lord Grey delivered in the Lords on Tuesday may do, we fear, incalculable harm to the cause of peace in Ireland. We cannot, of course, complain that Lord Grey should thus have expressed his obviously sincere and deeply felt opinion. His refusal to allow party loyalty (and no one is a more loyal party man than he) to silence him on a matter of conscience does him honour. Each man must choose his own scales for weighing conflicting obligations, and no man has a right to call another's false. But Lord Grey's scales are not ours, and in view of the position which he held till yesterday as the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, it is essential to state emphatically that they are not the scales of the Liberal Party.

"We entered," says Lord Grey, "into an honourable understanding with Ulster in 1920, and we entered into a definite engagement with the Free State under the Act of 1922." It is his view that the understanding should override the definite engagement, because it preceded it in point of time. Assuming that there was really such an understanding, does Lord Grey give no

weight to the superior status of a definite engagement, concluded in the form of a Treaty, and ratified, as the understanding never was, by Parliament? Assuming that the consideration of priority in time must override the superior status of a Treaty, was not March, 1922, when the Irish Free State Agreement Bill was passing amid copious debate through the House of Lords, the time, and the last honourable time, to take and act upon this view?

But what evidence is there of an "honourable understanding with Ulster in 1920"? Last week, it seemed for a moment as though there was some evidence—the memorandum written by Lord Long just before his death, in which he stated that he had been authorized by the Cabinet to assure the Ulster members that if they accepted the 1920 Bill and tried to work it when passed "it would be on the clear understanding that the Six Counties, as settled after the negotiations, should be theirs for good and all, and that there should be no interference with the boundaries or anything else, excepting such slight adjustments as might be necessary to get rid of projecting bits, &c." It is now certain that Lord Long's recollection was at fault. Cabinet decisions have for some years been recorded. No one is permitted to quote from these confidential records; but Mr. Thomas stated that he had consulted them and that they "did not bear out" Lord Long's construction. Mr. Lloyd George, with the preface, "I cannot quote in these matters, but I am entitled to refresh my memory," said the same. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George went much further. "As far as pledges are concerned, I repeat here, and I repeat it in the presence of those who were parties to whatever occurred on that occasion, that no pledge was ever given to Ulster that there would be no readjustment of the boundaries of the six counties. Never." He was at once challenged by Mr. Moles, an Ulster member, who stated that Lord Carson had a letter from Mr. Lloyd George in his possession, giving such a pledge. Mr. Lloyd George asked to see the letter. Lord Carson has since published it, and it is entirely irrelevant to the issue. It was written in 1916, at the time of the Irish convention, and ran thus: "We must make it clear that at the end of the provisional period Ulster does not, whether she wills it or not, merge in the rest of Ireland."

Thus all the documentary evidence is against the view that any assurance relating to territory was given to the Ulster members at the time of the passing of the 1920 Act. Lord Grey has to admit as much:—

"I do not look," he argues, "in letters or memoranda or legal interpretations of particular clauses in Acts for the evidence that the Ulster representatives, when they were supporting the Bill of 1920, believed that they were doing it on a clear and definite understanding that under that Bill they were getting a settlement that was not to be altered without their consent. Those of us who took part in the debates on that Bill knew that that was the understanding."

We are dumbfounded by this argument. We are to throw over a solemn treaty obligation, two and a half years after it has been ratified, on the strength of the recollections of noble Lords of the impressions in their minds four years ago. It seems to us improbable that the question of the permanence of territorial arrangements was then in their minds at all. Any understanding which they supposed to be in existence was far more likely to be the understanding of Mr. Lloyd George's letter to Lord Carson,—that Ulster must not be forced against her will "to merge in the rest of Ireland."

This, it is fairly obvious, was also what Mr. Lloyd George had in mind when he assured Sir James Craig during the course of the Irish negotiations in 1921 that "the rights of Ulster would be in no way sacrificed or

compromised," pending further communication with him. This is the one incident in the whole story which, in our judgment, gives Ulster any ground for her allegations of bad faith. For the words were vague, and might easily mean more to Sir James Craig than Mr. Lloyd George meant by them. It would certainly have been more punctilious to have communicated again with Sir James Craig before signing the Treaty. But the circumstances were such that any delay would probably have led to the breakdown of the Treaty; and whether the obligation to inform Sir James Craig before signing was imperative enough to require that that risk should be taken is a nice problem of ethics, which Mr. Bonar Law characteristically propounded to the House of Commons and did not presume to answer.

But Lord Grey does not make this letter to Sir James Craig any part of his case,—and for a good reason. Ulster did nothing, and refrained from nothing in 1921, because of this assurance. It was merely designed to ease Sir James Craig's mind. It formed no part of any bargain. There was no *quid pro quo*. And it is essential, as Lord Grey recognizes, to the doctrine of the superior sanctity of the "pledges to Ulster" that there should have been a *quid pro quo*—which in the case of the 1920 "understanding" he finds in the acceptance and working of the Government of Ireland Act.

Lord Grey's speech, we fear, may do great harm. It may affect the present action of the House of Lords. It may affect the reception given to the Boundary Commissions' findings. It may affect the action which is taken thereafter. We have no right, we say, to call his scales false. But it is beyond our comprehension how he chose them.

THOUGHTS ON THE PROTOCOL.

By H. M. SWANWICK.

PROFESSOR WEBSTER suggested pleasantly in your issue of September 6th that I should speak in the Assembly on the Draft Protocol because, although my opinions were "not likely to be approved by anyone who has studied the problem," their "strength and sincerity" made it desirable that they should be expressed. I disagree with Professor Webster. No one should speak in the Assembly on a problem which he or she has "not studied." I have no respect for "strong opinions" based upon ignorance. The reason I did not speak in the Assembly on the merits of the Draft Protocol was that, as I had had no place in the Committees or Sub-Committees which worked it out and was neither a full delegate nor a member of the Government, no opinion was required of me. When, therefore, the President, in response to a request made by some women delegates, called upon me to make the last speech, I confined myself to reminding the Assembly that the Protocol was merely a piece of mechanism (as M. Paul Boncour had said), and that, if it should pass, it would lie with the world's rulers to turn it to good or evil uses, and I appealed to them to remember that all use of force by men against each other finds its victim in the child.

But I have "studied the problem," and I have many thoughts about it; far too many to be contained in this short statement, which you kindly allow me to make now, since I felt it inadvisable to reply to your references to me during the sessions of the Assembly.

The discussions at Geneva took place between those who had approved the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance and those who had not. The former naturally strove to get as much of the substance of the Treaty as possible into the Protocol, and they did get a great deal in.

Great Britain and the Dominions were decidedly against the Treaty, but there were many shades of opinion, and these shades were reflected in the Empire delegations. My particular shade—for what it is worth—was that, although in Articles 10 and 16 of the Covenant provision had been made for the use of sanctions by the League, these provisions seemed to be falling into disuse; and because they were among the chief obstacles to the adherence of the United States, and because I had always doubted whether they would, in fact, be impartially applied, I was content that they should fall into disuse, and hoped that States making application in future might be admitted under reservations with regard to these articles, thus preparing the way for their withdrawal or extensive amendment.* I still think that events might have taken this turn if Lord Cecil had turned his patience and his ingenuity in a different direction during the years when he was so distinguished and charming a representative of one or another part of the Empire at Geneva. It is quite true that his name has become a legend there, and people cannot reason with legends. For good or ill, events did not take the turn I hoped: America and Russia remain outside the League, largely on account of Articles 10 and 16; the Protocol, if it ever becomes operative, will probably keep them out for a further long period.

The new cordiality between French and British made us more anxious than ever to meet the French half way; some will think we went more than half the way. The Protocol is in many respects a great improvement on the Draft Treaty, but, if it is to become operative, it is of the highest importance that our people should be under no delusions about it. It will be commended to them in impassioned language as a great Engine of Peace, as furnishing the Tripod upon which the civilization of the world will rest, and the great mass of the people may be only too willing not to go through the painful process of thinking about it; the people may trust to a machine to save its international soul; if the time should come when the rulers it has put in power use the machine for purposes unintended and unforeseen and the people groan under an international despotism which they cannot control, they will turn their anger and their disenchantment against the League. This would seem to me a dreadful disaster. It is of the utmost importance that, in the months that lie before June 15th, 1925, this people should, as fully as may be, understand what powers are given by the Protocol and what uses, good and bad, can be made of them. They should also put their minds to developing the peace-making as well as the war-preventing functions of the League.

The Protocol takes the Covenant as basis, making more precise and comprehensive its undertakings, both as regards resort to arbitral and judicial decisions and as regards sanctions for the same. One group of States Members came to the Fifth Assembly saying, "Arbitration and Disarmament"; the other group came saying, "Security." The second group expressed its fear that a State, going to arbitration in good faith, might be overreached by a criminal State, preparing for and resorting to war in defiance of arbitration; this group declared that the whole force of the law-abiding States should be at its back to prevent such overreaching. The first group feared that its forces might be engaged in quarrels too remote or too uncertain in their origin to secure the loyal support of its peoples. If Great Britain might have to engage her fleet, or Holland to consent

to a blockade, or Switzerland to allow troops to pass over her territory, they must reflect very carefully, not only about their interests, but about the likelihood of their being really able to carry out such undertakings in all events. Socialists, in particular, will very anxiously ask themselves whether they are prepared to give to existing and future Governments such tremendously increased powers. It must not be forgotten that Socialists do not yet pull their weight at Geneva. In this diplomatic atmosphere one felt curiously removed from the life of the common people. A fresh wind would sometimes blow through when MacDonald, or Paul Boncour (France), or Lange (Norway), or Loudon (Holland), or Charlton (Australia—a somewhat east wind even, this last) spoke of real things, of the world outside; or when a Magyar, or an Austrian, or a Bulgar, with nothing left to lose, lifted a corner of the polite curtain hiding the irony of things. On the other hand, Messrs. Benes and Politis are so extraordinarily quick-witted that they will doubtless use their great gifts for the service of democracy if democracy proves wide-awake enough to enlist them. I am not without hope.

The chief improvements on the Draft Treaty are the following:—

(1) Aggression is defined by Article 10, under five separate conditions, whereas, by Article 4 of the Treaty, the Council was left to define aggression.

(2) The Council does not itself conduct war, as in Article 5 of the Treaty.

(3) By Article 13 the League may register and publish, but does not (as in Article 6 of the Treaty) actually negotiate and conclude partial treaties. Also, these are now to be open to all States Members, instead of being open only by consent of the signatories, as in the Treaty.

(4) The conditions under which parties to these partial treaties may resist aggression are more clearly defined and limited than they were in Article 8 of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance.

(5) No reference is made to the condition that co-operation is expected from States only in their own continents, as in the Treaty (a condition which would have given the oddest results), but Articles 11, 12, and 13 of the Protocol make the conditions at once more clear and more elastic.

Against these advantages one must set the following:—

(1) The provision (Articles 7 and 8) that the Council may, by a *two-thirds majority*, decide to intervene in case of threat of aggression, mobilization, increase of armaments or effectives, is one which raises great doubts of its impartial application.

(2) Articles 12 and 13 of the Protocol seem to involve "the continental study of all possible aggressors," one of the ugliest of the tasks proposed in the Treaty.

(3) By Article 14, the Council, *acting unanimously*, can alone call off the war.

(4) Article 15—requiring not only "reparation for losses suffered by individuals, whether civilian or combatant, and for all material damage caused by the operations of both sides," but also the whole cost of the war from the aggressor—is perhaps the most objectionable of all, not for its intrinsic importance so much as for its desolating suggestion that the Powers, like the Bourbons, have "learnt nothing." The proviso attached to this article, that the delinquent State shall not lose its "territorial integrity nor political independence," seems to have satisfied them. Another holocaust of babies offered up in the sacred name of reparations is of

* I was not alone in being misled by a pamphlet issued by the League of Nations Union in April, 1922, giving the Amendments to the Covenant passed by the Second Assembly, among which was the deletion from Article 16 of all reference to military, naval, or air force. This proved to be incorrect, the amendment printed being in addition to the existing four paragraphs, not in place of them.

no account if only that mysterious entity, the Sovereign State, has been saved.

One further point is worth noting. The Protocol, even if signed and ratified by the requisite number of States (*i.e.*, three permanent Members of the Council and ten other Members), does not come into force until the plan for the reduction of armaments prepared by the Council has been adopted by the Conference next June. A fact of supreme importance is that on the present Council there is no representative of a State defeated in the world-war: that is to say, no State which has been drastically and forcibly disarmed. If Germany be speedily admitted to the League, with a seat on the Council, as is obviously fitting, it may be expected that a very different "plan for the reduction of armaments" will be evolved by the Council than would be the case if it remained, as now, representative only of eight victors and two neutrals in the late war.

I should be sorry if these jottings seemed to anyone to be unduly pessimistic. To me unfounded optimism is the most depressing of all "isms." The Fifth Assembly was better than the Fourth. The European situation has greatly improved during the past nine months. We can, if we will, continue to make better international relations. "Not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

MR. MACDONALD PROTESTS.

I HAD been reading Mr. Wickham Steed's entertaining interview with the Prime Minister, which the editor of the "Review of Reviews" had kindly allowed me to see in proof, and I was thinking how different it seemed in its complete form from the summaries which had already appeared in the daily papers, especially as two, at least, of those summaries had attributed to Mr. MacDonald an important remark which was really uttered by his interviewer. I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing of which I have any recollection is that I was ushered into a room in which the Prime Minister sat alone.

"Is it really fair?" he exclaimed in an aggrieved tone, before I could say a word of apology for my intrusion. "I was just feeling rather elated; I had got rid of that tiresome fellow Steed, and was just settling down to a little quiet reflection on the moral fervour of the Labour Party when you come in like a thief in the night and shatter my peace of mind. You may call it Bolshevism or Fascism or what you will, but that is the plain truth."

"Pray let me assure you—," I began, nervously; but Mr. MacDonald would not listen. "I don't object to a man who knocks me down," he went on passionately; "that is straightforward, that is honest, that is gentlemanly; though the police may have something to say to him after he has done it. But to ask questions: to inquire what I mean to do and what I have done, and why I have done it; that is mean and cowardly and sneaking and underhanded. To ask questions is a form of mediæval crookedness and torture. I am not to be knocked down, but to be humiliated, and the important and epoch-making work which I have set out, with no light heart, but with courage and steadfastness and high ideals and moral fervour, and—er—all that sort of thing—to do, is to be interrupted in order that men like you, who haven't anything like my spiritual quality, should be told what I think about this, that, and the other thing."

"But believe me, my dear Prime Minister—," I interjected, but again I was not allowed to proceed.

"Why should I believe you?" inquired Mr. MacDonald sharply. "You are not a member of the Labour Party, are you? You are not even one of the

nobility and gentry with whom we can feel some affinity. We do not of course share their privileges, but we can understand them because we share their delicate sense of honour and good manners."

"It is extraordinary," he went on pensively, "how membership of the Labour Party changes a man. Look at Pat Hastings. He was probably a pettifogging lawyer before he joined us, and he may even have had an ungentlemanly taint about him, and now see what a noble creature he is! Why, it's a monstrous outrage even to ask him what considerations have influenced him. A man like that may have been influenced by the most irrelevant considerations; and yet they dare to ask us to produce documents and letters and explanations which might even reveal that he hadn't been telling the truth. There is a dishonesty, an obliqueness in the whole business."

"May I explain—" I burst in desperately, at this point, seeing that I was being mistaken for a journalist and that I might find myself in serious difficulties; but still I was not allowed to speak.

"Am I interviewing you, or are you interviewing me?" he demanded, and, without waiting for an answer, he went on fiercely, "That fellow Steed did most of the talking while he was here, and now it's my turn. You want to know my attitude towards the Russian Treaties, of course. Well, I'll tell you. I detest them. I dislike the Russians almost as much as they dislike me; I can't say more than that; and I don't want to make any treaties with them, and least of all do I want to lend them money. But what am I to do? Ponsonby and his friends have led me on step by step, until I can't draw back without having half the party in revolt. While I was busy at the London Conference, I had to leave Ponsonby to negotiate with the Russians, and the thing dragged on so long and became so complicated that I don't think anyone, certainly not Ponsonby, understood what was happening. But it would have been ridiculous if those negotiations had fizzled out without any result at all, and the Russians wouldn't do anything without a loan, and the capitalist bankers in the City of London, with the narrow, selfish, covetous views which characterize their class, wouldn't lend them money without security, so I was obliged to give way. That is the simple unvarnished truth about the whole transaction. But what I do most bitterly and cruelly resent is that anyone else should criticize these treaties when I have agreed to them. Surely if I, with my moral fervour and high ideals, can bring myself, however reluctantly and with whatever misgivings, to contemplate the idea of guaranteeing a loan to Russia, it does not become mere bankers and politicians and lawyers to raise objections? What, let me ask, do these people conceive to be the function of the House of Commons if it is not to register the decisions of a Labour Government? I will tell you. In their miserable, petty, spiteful minds, the function of Parliament is partizanship, is chicanery, is the hampering and embarrassment of the Government in the execution of that high purpose to which we have put our hands and from which we will not be deflected unless by deflection we see a chance of improving our position at the polls. And mind this, if by the abuse of Parliamentary votes the Labour Government is defeated and there is a General Election, the responsibility will not be ours. It is always open to the House of Commons to vote with us, however objectionable our proceedings and our proposals may seem to be. But if there be a General Election it will not, if I can help it, be fought out on the Russian Treaties, or even on the conduct of the Attorney-General, or on any other clearly defined issue. I have already done my best, not without some measure of success, to obscure the issue, and, please God, I will go on to obscure it still further. If strength and opportunity are vouchsafed to me, I will do what in me lies to see to it that the Irish Boundary question and the European situation and the question whether Communists should be prosecuted are brought in to serve the cause of Labour, and that the votes of the teeming, suffering millions who toil in the workshops and factories of this great country are given on grounds which have not the remotest connection

with the differences which now divide the parties in the House of Commons."

At this point in the Prime Minister's discourse my attention wandered, I am ashamed to say, and I woke up. Of course it was all a dream. Prime Ministers do not talk like that in the waking world, and if the reader wishes to know how they *do* talk, I can only advise him to read the forthcoming issue of the "Review of Reviews."

PETER IBBETSON.

LIFE AND POLITICS

A GOOD deal of latitude is allowed to a politician in difficulties, but Mr. MacDonald exceeded all reasonable bounds when he suggested in his interview with Mr. Wickham Steed that the Hastings issue had been rushed by his opponents. The plain fact, of course, is the exact contrary, as a reference to Hansard shows. During the discussion which took place on the subject on the day that Parliament reassembled, Tuesday of last week, Mr. Baldwin said, apropos of the proposal that the matter should be discussed on the motion for the adjournment that night:—

"There is obviously a very deep interest in this matter . . . and it seems to me that the time that could be allowed under the Rule for the Adjournment of the House would be altogether inadequate for the number who would desire to take part in this discussion. I wish to ask the Prime Minister, as we are barred by mutual agreement from taking any business besides the Irish business during this week, whether, on the resumption of business at the end of October, he will give us a day for the discussion of this question?"

"The Prime Minister: 'I am not at all content to wait for the exposure of this until the end of October. (Hon. Members: "Have it now.") . . . I understand that, in the ordinary course of business, we may have two Parliamentary days at least going blank while the Bill [the Boundary Commission Bill] that I shall move in a few minutes will be under consideration in another place, and . . . I shall be perfectly willing to agree that one of those days, as we shall arrange—perhaps tomorrow—will be assigned to this purpose. . . .'"

So far from having the subject rushed upon him by his opponents, therefore, Mr. MacDonald deliberately rejected a proposal that the discussion should be postponed until the end of October, and insisted, amid the cheers of his supporters, on having it at once.

It is true that Mr. Asquith later agreed that the suggestion of the Prime Minister was a reasonable one; but are we to suppose that in supporting Mr. MacDonald he did so in order to rush him into a premature struggle? The suggestion is ludicrous. No sensible Liberal wanted to risk an appeal to the country on so secondary an issue as that of the withdrawal of the prosecution of the "Workers' Weekly," especially when a capital question like the Russian Treaty was imminent. It was Mr. MacDonald himself who thrust the action of Sir Patrick Hastings into the front of the battle, and imperilled at a most critical moment the whole business for which Parliament had been assembled, and the passing of a measure of the highest importance and urgency. Mr. MacDonald may have been right in assuming that it was better to have the general engagement on the slighter issue, but he ought not to pretend that the wickedness of his opponents is responsible for his own strategy and for the subordination of the interests of Ireland to party calculations.

The air is full once more of electoral speculations. The most prevalent view is that the change produced by

a contest fought this autumn on the issues that are now uppermost will be insignificant. One of the most instructed observers of the electoral omens informs me that the probabilities point to a gain of twenty-five seats to the Conservatives, a loss of six to Labour and of nineteen to the Liberals. I give this forecast with due respect, but it is obvious that with so many three-cornered situations and with such a fluid condition of parties much may happen that will make prophecy more than usually perilous. The experience of last autumn is sufficiently recent and vivid to make the most confident prophet cautious, and it will be interesting to see whether, after that experience, the "Times," for example, will commit itself to any formal estimate at all.

* * *

If it is hazardous to forecast the result of an election this autumn it is still more difficult to guess what will be the outcome of a reproduction of the present triangular situation in the House. Events have not made the relations of the Liberals and Labour better than they were a year ago. They have made them worse, and the characteristic acerbity of Mr. MacDonald's allusions to the Liberals in his speech to the Labour Party on Tuesday, together with his testimony to the superior "gentlemanliness" of the old nobility, confirms the view that the dominant motive in his mind is antagonism to the Liberals. It is hardly conceivable that the post-election position will lead to a renewal of support which has been accepted so grudgingly and ungraciously during the past nine months. On the other hand, while powerful influences in the Liberal Party are contemplating contact with the Conservatives and the revival of something in the shape of the Coalition that came to grief two years ago, it is tolerably certain that the main current of the party will not flow in that direction. The perplexity of the outlook is giving a strong impulse in many quarters to the conviction that the three-party system makes the adoption of the French method of a fixed term for the life of Parliament essential. It would mean a decline in the authority of the executive and the practical transfer of the initiative to the House, but these developments, however undesirable, are the natural consequence of a situation in which no group can command a majority of the House. And, in any case, some remedy will have to be found for the plague of general elections.

* * *

My reference last week to the comments in the American Press on the subject of the Prince of Wales's visit to Long Island has been criticized by the New York correspondent of one of the London newspapers. He remarks on the extreme cordiality of the American Press generally towards the Prince, and suggests that the quotation he makes from the "New York World" represents all the adverse comment that has appeared. It is, happily, true that the spirit of the comments in the main has been marked by the utmost friendliness, but that fact only makes it the more necessary to take account of the undercurrent of criticism which is observable in the most responsible quarters. I have before me a copy of the "New York Times" of September 9th, which illustrates what I mean. The "New York Times" is as indisputably the first of American newspapers as the "Times" is the first of English newspapers. Its attitude to this country is above criticism, and no newspaper is less given to idle or irresponsible gossip. It is surely of some concern to us that a newspaper of this standing should feel called upon to publish an article in which it says:—

"It is beginning, in the opinion of some observers, to be a long time since the eager and inquisitive reporters who are 'covering' the Prince of Wales have detected

him in showing or expressing any interest in anything that—well, that might be expected to interest a man for whom is awaiting a position with about as many and as heavy responsibilities as fate can impose on anybody. So youthful is his appearance that the inclination is to think of the Prince as little more than a boy, but, as a matter of fact, he is thirty years old, and at this particular period in the world's history there are several things in progress besides sports and dinners with dancing afterward. . . .

"His present activities, while innocent enough, according to all accounts, hardly can be described as informative, edifying, or preparative for the real hard work that lies ahead of him with about as much certainty as the future has for mortals. It is to be hoped that some day he will reveal what books it is he reads, what knowledge he has of the more dismal sciences, and whether or not he really likes to do what from a distance looks like worse than a waste of all his time."

This candour in regard to a visitor may be open to criticism, but it is of importance to this country to know what is passing through the minds of the most responsible leaders of opinion in America on a subject of the highest concern to us. Nor can it be denied that similar questionings, though unspoken, are passing through the minds of many people in this country.

* * *

It is difficult to keep pace with the quick changes of the Rothermere-Beaverbrook Press. On Monday, for example, the "Evening Standard" was voicing a universal protest against the iniquity of an election at the present time. Yet last week it seemed as though it could not have an election soon enough. Words failed to express its indignation at the pusillanimous proposal of Mr. Baldwin that the attack on Sir Patrick Hastings should be postponed for a month, and it was hardly less contemptuous of the lack of fire that Mr. Asquith exhibited on the same subject.

* * *

Light is spreading in Darkest Africa. The fierce religious wars which raged between the dark disciples of Catholics and Protestants in Uganda a quarter of a century ago, and which were allayed largely by the efforts of Captain Lugard, have left their still smoking embers behind. A well-informed student of affairs in Uganda to-day gives the following question and answer as having recently been heard in a Uganda school: "Teacher: 'Why was Martin Luther a great man?' Bright Pupil: 'Because he gave the Papists hell.'" They could hardly improve on this in Ulster.

A. G. G.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

GOETTERDAEMMERUNG.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8TH.

I AM, of necessity, writing these notes before the great debate which may end the transitory and dolorous experience of Labour ruling in a minority in the House of Commons. I think the general opinion is that this experience might not have only been successful in itself, but have led on to the formation of a real *bloc de gauche*, but for the work of one man alone,—that is, the present Prime Minister. And that opinion is expressed equally by those who oppose and those who support such a development. He has held himself rigidly aloof from the Parliamentary debates. He has only attended the House to make a few desperately bad speeches, mostly on subjects which he has not taken the trouble to understand. He has been inaccessible even to members of his own administration, and only encountered them in fierce quarrels in the Cabinet. With some of them, it is said, he has not been even on speaking terms. He announced, when he took office, in the fairest and frankest promise accepted by all in the House, the conditions under which

a minority Government alone could be maintained. It was to relax the rules of party discipline. It was to allow members to vote as they pleased. Above all, in great international concerns, it was to consult the other parties in order, if possible, that the pronouncements and treaties should be the gift of the nation and not of a minority only. All these high ideals, it is said, have been torn to pieces. He has disciplined his own party as no party has ever been disciplined before, and those who have occasionally voted against him in what they thought right, have proclaimed with what anger their "independence" has been received. He has never consulted the leaders of the great historic parties on any international decisions, and though, for example, four times during this summer he had publicly stated that no British guaranteed loan should be given to the Bolsheviks, he calmly permitted the announcement of that loan in a draft treaty on the last day of the session. He was implored by the leaders of both the other parties, representing an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons and the country, to keep this treaty as a draft until it had been fully and frankly discussed in the House, and the opinion of the whole House taken in the matter. He promised in reply the House should be allowed to amend any clause or any line in it, and with that promise at about five o'clock the House adjourned. At six o'clock he signed the treaty and thereby rendered it incapable of amendment.

He asserts his determination to force a dissolution because the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the allegations made against the Attorney-General and himself by the Communists would be unworthy of his "dignity," and render government impossible. Under similar circumstances the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith have accepted Select Committees without considering that such a course would be unworthy of their "dignity," or render impossible the business of the Government. But the queer spirit and temper of the man are revealed in his speech of last Tuesday, when he asserted that from the moment, nearly a year ago, when Mr. Asquith asserted, in his elegant paraphrase, that "we should have to eat out of his hand," he was in open revolt and rebellion and repudiation of that relationship. Why, in that case, is the bewildered query, did he take office then? Why does he throw away office now?

But it is accepted that the vanity or (in the psychological term) the inferiority of Mr. MacDonald is less a subject for present controversy than one for the pathologist and the historian. What members must regret before chaos and confusion come is the sharp separation that he has deliberately made between those who call themselves Liberal and those who call themselves Labour. Sympathy and understanding between these two, the bulk of whom are indistinguishable in opinion, despite the wail of half-crazy Socialist newspapers, have been growing steadily in the House of Commons. Mr. Snowden's magnificent and courageous stand for Free Trade earned him the respect and admiration of every Liberal member. Mr. Thomas has become more and more cheered by Liberals, if less and less acclaimed by the Left Wing of the Socialists. His speech last Wednesday on the Irish question was one of the most successful orations of this Parliament, and he sat down amid a storm of Liberal applause. Even Mr. Wheatley, despite the clotted nonsense that he feels himself obliged to talk in the constituencies, was *persona grata* with all the Left Wing of Liberalism, and entered into the most friendly negotiations with them concerning the Housing Bill, which alone made it possible for it to become law. Less distinguished figures were often greeted with marked friendliness. Mr. Clynes occupied an impossible position, but his invariable courtesy always evoked response. Mr. Trevelyan was approved for his vague but emotional desires for better education. And Mr. Noel Buxton for his vague but seemingly sincere utterances concerning agricultural co-operation. Strands were being flung across the gangway between the two parties that occupied one side of the House, and even extreme men like Mr. Maxton, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Kirkwood found admirers on the Liberal side for the pertinacity of their demand and the sincerity of their aims. Those strands

would have been strengthened and multiplied had there been any opposition. But in this Parliament the opposition has been negligible noise or dead as death.

Now all this has been smashed to fragments. The Prime Minister has issued his challenge, not against the Conservatives, but against the Liberals. He has contrasted in fantastic interview the nobility and courtesy of the old families (like, one supposes, the Chamberlains and the Amerys) with the vulgarity and ungentlemanlike conduct of the wealthy Liberal upstarts (like the Howards and the Greys). Efforts will be made by the most valiant after this day of darkness once more to resume relations and build up that which has been overthrown. But I doubt if anyone in the House believes Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will ever be Prime Minister again.

The atmosphere of the House, so far as I have seen it, has been that of every House of Commons a few weeks before an election. The Irish debate has been carried on in the Chamber itself with, on the whole, dignity and restraint, not unworthy of the high traditions of Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George made exceedingly impressive speeches. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in an extraordinarily difficult position as one of the signatories of the Treaty, revealed again that atmosphere of integrity and honesty which is his greatest asset. And the whole House enjoyed Captain Wedgwood Benn's cheery onslaught on Mr. Ian Macpherson seated one seat away from him, as he rapidly passed after interruption from "My right honourable friend" to (with contemptuous gesticulation) "This right honourable gentleman." But the interest in corridors and lobbies and smoking-rooms was not in Ireland. You could hear what "One half Rome" said and what "Other half Rome" said and the *tertium quid*. And it must be confessed you generally heard the *tertium quid*. Every House would wish to be like the Long Parliament and declare itself immortal. Whatever may be the enthusiasm of Labour Conferences outside, Labour members within seemed as miserable as those of other parties. It was one of the most notorious Left-wingers who asked if it was yet too late to arrange some accommodation. And, indeed, with Communists revolting, a third of the electorate still unpolled, complete uncertainty as to the spirit and temper of these enormous masses of voters, combined with the physical torment of a third election in two years, it is not surprising that among the hapless mass of private members "accommodation" should be desired.

M.P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"LORD READING'S OPPORTUNITY."

SIR,—In drawing the attention of your readers to the difficulties surrounding the representatives of the Crown in India to-day, you have rendered a distinct service, but there is one portion of your article of September 27th on "Lord Reading's Opportunity" which suggests that the viewpoint of the Governor of the Punjab is not fully appreciated.

Referring to the Akali movement, the article states:—

"The Governor has made his position clear. He has resolved upon the systematic application of executive force for the suppression of the Akali movement. Such a resolution, in the circumstances, falls short of administrative wisdom. Order, of course, must be restored in the Punjab; but the Sikh problem is something that cannot be removed by a simple return to the methods associated in this difficult and very peculiar province with the names of Dyer and O'Dwyer."

May I place in juxtaposition a quotation from a speech made by the Governor, Sir Malcolm Hailey, on the eve of assuming his new responsibilities?

"There was," he said, "no immediate remedy for the present situation. There was no almanac for revolution, but he urged that Europeans in India," to whom he was speaking, "should exercise courage in refusing to hand India over to anarchy, and courage in refusing to withhold from India one single stage in the constitutional advance, which she had earned on her merits."

In his leadership of the Assembly and in his attitude as Home Member towards the Akali movement, Sir Malcolm

Hailey had already demonstrated, when this speech was made, that such were the guiding principles of his policy. To-day's "Times" comments on the improvement of the situation in the Punjab and mentions the efforts of the Government to support those Sikhs who are endeavouring to reform, by constitutional methods, the management of their shrines. As in the Punjab, so elsewhere. There can be no hope for India and no hope for the reforms, unless both the principles enunciated by Sir Malcolm Hailey are unflinchingly applied.

The Act of 1919 laid down that the present reform scheme was to have ten years' fair trial, and that at the end of the period a Commission should inquire and report "as to whether it is desirable to establish the principle of responsible government, or to extend, modify, or restrict the degree of responsible government then existing." Only four years have elapsed, and, if Parliament is to keep its pledge, it must allow India the full time in which to show whether or not she is capable of taking advantage of the path of political progress offered to her, whether, in fine, it is to be a case for "extension," "modification," or "restriction."

As your article points out, there is a party (in England—I know of no such party in India) calling for twenty years of "resolute" government: there is a party (in India) asserting that the partial autonomy of the Act has been exposed as a sham. Fortunately for India, Lord Reading belongs to neither school. He is not a man who thinks in superlatives. His opportunity consists in giving the reforms a fair chance. It is not a time for rhetoric or for dramatic pronouncements. India has had sufficient "boons" to last the present generation. It is a time for patience; for the maintenance of law and order; for the guarantee of a Civil Service combining with the efficiency and integrity of the past the broad outlook of men of Sir Malcolm Hailey's stamp; for the appointment to provincial governorships of men like him, Sir Henry Wheeler, and Sir John Kerr, who have won their spurs in the Councils and proved both their administrative and political ability.

Political India is at present wasting its time in talking about the constitution instead of working it. Some of the responsibility for this rests on this side, in that the British Government has not made it clear to India that, whatever may be individual views as to the merits of the Government of India Act, the country as a whole will neither be frightened back nor harried forward until an honest attempt has been made in India to apply to the Act the test of practical experience. The Civil Service is ready to help, and has hitherto been the backbone of the reforms. The non-official European community has shown a co-operative spirit, the value of which the Indian politician may yet learn to appreciate. Moderate Indians were co-operating usefully until the fugitive triumphs of stump oratory misled many of them into believing, like the extremists, that men will be heard for their much speaking.

Lord Reading's opportunity is great, but it is not dramatic. It is not confined to one particular situation, nor to one particular moment. It persists through the whole of his vicerealty, and for its success it depends on the co-operation and support of the best provincial governors the Empire can supply, of a contented and efficient Civil Service, of the Secretary of State and Parliament, and last and by no means least, of the peoples of India—Hindus, Muhammedans, Sikhs, Parsees, and Englishmen.—Yours, &c.,

October 1st, 1924.

CAMPBELL RHODES.

[We had in mind, not Sir Malcolm Hailey's earlier statements, but the purport of the speech at Ambala (August 29th) in which he announced the decision of the Punjab Government to enforce the receivership at Nankana Sahib, obtained through the courts by the agents of the Mahant, who was convicted and imprisoned on account of the massacre at the shrine. In the second part of his letter Sir Campbell Rhodes does not controvert, but supports, the main positions of our article. The standing of the Civil Service, upon which Sir Campbell Rhodes rightly lays stress, must depend, in the immediate future, largely upon the decision as to the Lee Report, recently rejected by the Indian Legislature. If this were put into effect by executive action, the difficulties of the Civil Service would undoubtedly be increased, for the general atmosphere would be still more unfavourable to English civilians.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE AMERICAN INTELLIGENTSIA

By BERTRAND RUSSELL.

HAVING not seen America since the spring of 1914, I was expected, during my recent visit, to notice many changes. Americans find it necessary to their self-respect to believe that their country changes fast, and no doubt in the main the belief is true; but naturally the changes are not so readily perceived by strangers as by those who take the constant background of Americanism for granted. Nevertheless I did notice some rather interesting changes. Ten years ago, I saw mainly universities and university teachers. Certainly their attitude then was in many respects different from that of many teachers at the present time. Ten years ago the majority were doing their work with no strong consciousness of outside interference; now many of them seem to feel that they have to choose between hypocrisy and starvation.

There are two quite different kinds of tyranny to which university men are exposed in America: that of boards of trustees in the privately endowed universities, and that of the democracy in the State universities. The former is primarily economic, the latter primarily theological; both, of course, combine on moral persecution, and dismiss any man who becomes involved in a scandal, however innocently. Moreover, methods exist of fastening scandals upon those whose opinions are disliked.

The tyranny of boards of trustees is part of the power of capitalism, and is therefore attacked by socialists. Upton Sinclair's book "The Goose-Step" consists of a long series of instances with names and dates. This book naturally roused great interest in academic circles. As a rule, the Principal of a university denounces it as a gross libel, and quite unreliable in its facts; but the younger teachers, in a quiet corner, will whisper that it is quite correct, at any rate so far as their university is concerned. An outsider cannot, of course, form a well-informed judgment on this matter without a much longer study than I was able to make. But obviously it is a bad system to make learned men dependent for their livelihood upon a collection of ignorant and bigoted business men. Some of our provincial universities have tended to imitate America in this respect; but so far the prestige of Oxford and Cambridge has prevented the bad effects that might have been feared.

The tyranny of the democracy raises more interesting problems, and is much less discussed, because those who dislike tyranny are apt to like democracy. In the South and in some parts of the Middle West, Protestantism is as fierce as in Belfast, and the whole intellectual atmosphere is reminiscent of the seventeenth century. Since the taxpayer's money supports the State universities, he feels that these institutions ought to magnify his ego by teaching what he believes, not what is believed by those who have taken the trouble to form a rational opinion. Hence the all but successful attempts to make it illegal to teach evolution in certain States. In the East, in some States, the Catholics are sufficiently powerful to enforce an Inquisition on State teachers. This atmosphere of theological persecution makes many State universities quite as destitute of freedom as those that depend upon private endowments. And it is in fact a more serious matter than capitalist tyranny, for two reasons. First, the tyranny of a majority is harder to endure and to resist than that of a ruling oligarchy, because the latter, but not the former, rouses the sympathy and admiration of the public for the victim. Secondly, theology interferes more intimately than

politics with the matters concerned in university teaching. It is very difficult to think of a single subject where a teacher can avoid conflicting with those who believe in the literal truth of the whole of the Bible, as the Fundamentalists do. Not even the pure mathematician is exempt, because a value of π which he cannot accept is given in 1 Kings, vii., 23.

Psycho-analysis, which is much more influential in America than in England, has had a disintegrating effect upon the Puritanism of the younger intellectuals. This influence seems to have penetrated more widely than others that might have been expected to be more effective. Being connected with medicine and such practical matters as the cure of insanity and hysterics, psycho-analysis is not dismissed as unimportant by "practical" men. The emotional upheaval of the war, and the increase of economic independence among women, have both favoured its spread. It has had, conversationally, a remarkable effect in breaking down Victorian pruderies and reticences. Ten years ago, these were far stronger in America than in England; now, if anything, the position is reversed, so far as the private talk of educated people is concerned.

The result of all these causes is that the intelligentsia, as in pre-war Russia, has remarkable social and private freedom, combined with complete public enslavement. In Russia, there was always the hope of revolution. It is true that, when the revolution came, it enslaved the intelligentsia far more thoroughly than the Tsars had ever done, but that was not foreseen. Consequently the hope of revolution prevented the intellectuals from feeling out of touch with the community; they were (so they imagined) only out of touch with the Government. In America, it is much more difficult to entertain this illusion. There is no opportunity for revolution in America. The only strong revolutionary movement is the Ku Klux Klan, which is more reactionary than the Government. America is essentially a country of pious peasants, like Russia. The peasants in America control the Government, but delegate much of their power to certain very rich men, on condition that these men pose as the champions of religion and morality, which they are only too willing to do. It is obvious that, in such a community, intellectual freedom can only exist *sub rosa*.

This whole state of affairs, however, is probably transitory. The worst elements in America are some of those representing the original British stock, which has persisted almost pure in the South. The immigrant Jews form a vast community, with great intellectual and artistic vigour. The Italians, South Slavs, &c., are difficult to assimilate, but when assimilated they are likely to contribute valuable artistic and anti-Puritan elements to the national life. It is true that the immigration of these groups is being severely restricted, but they are already so large in America that they can hardly fail to have a permanent influence.

What is probably more important than all these causes combined is the fact that industry is continually gaining on agriculture in America, and even agriculture is becoming assimilated to industry in its methods. This makes it almost certain that the industrial outlook will, in time, prevail over the agricultural. When this happens, seventeenth-century theological bigotry is likely to lose its influence.

But no merely economic change will bring liberty in America. Economic change, by itself, will merely bring some new form of tyranny. America has not, as

we have, strong institutions inherited from the middle ages, and has, therefore, no tradition of group autonomy. All through Western Europe, mediæval anarchy led to a considerable degree of independence for guilds, monasteries, universities, learned professions, &c. Such freedom as exists in Western Europe is largely the result of these conditions. It has been produced also by political contests, between Church and King, King and aristocracy, aristocracy and middle-class. In America all these reasons for regarding the community as a collection of groups have been absent. Every man is regarded simply as a citizen, and is expected to submit to the decision of the majority. Democracy, as understood in America, is not softened by any freedom for groups or individuals to decide their private concerns as may seem good to them. This fact, combined with the Puritan tradition of moral persecution, accounts for the extraordinarily small degree of self-determination permitted to the individual in America.

The chief harm done by this state of affairs is the hampering of individual achievement. Biologically speaking, America must produce as large a percentage as Europe of people with artistic or intellectual talents. But the output of America, in art, literature, and science, is singularly inferior to that of Europe. If Einstein had been an American—as he would have been if his father had happened to emigrate—he would have been put on to so many boards and committees that he would have had no time to do original work. Administrative work is valued in America out of proportion to its importance, because the individual is nothing and the community is everything. And yet propagandists for Americanism assert that America is the home of individualism!

THE WHITE KITTEN.

"White rose in red rose-garden
Is not so white."

SWINBURNE.

ALL day the heat had been insufferable—a heat that was a weariness as much to the spirit as to the body. The coolest place, we repeatedly assured one another, was the hotel, yet, after dinner, not a few of us had wandered out. I might have gone myself, possibly even to the cinematograph theatre, had I not expected the Bostocks to ask me to cut in at bridge. "Cooler indoors than anywhere else, this weather," General Bostock remarked as he tapped the barometer. "Shouldn't be surprised if we had thunder to-night." And I followed him on into the lounge.

This was a long, narrow room, furnished with the usual armchairs and little glass-topped tables, and larger tables on which were "Punch," "The Sketch," magazines advertising motor-cars, and bound volumes of "Country Life." I took up a Dunlop book, only to discover that the map I had intended to remove was gone. A wave of indignation passed through me. Here were people willing to pay exorbitant prices for their board and rooms, and yet capable of pilfering maps. I felt inclined to discuss the matter with a furtive-looking little man who had arrived that afternoon accompanied by a melancholy wife, but in the end merely remarked that it was cooler to-night indoors than anywhere else.

It wasn't really cooler: it was exactly the same. The only thing that looked cool was the palm-tree growing in a tub in the centre of the floor. I felt exhausted, bored, and stale; and, glancing round the room, saw boredom and staleness stamped upon every face there.

Surely even exceptionally hot weather hardly accounted for it. Perhaps we had eaten too much; but, since we came here largely because the food was good, it would have been foolish to have starved. A horrible question occurred to me. Were we always like this? Once we had arrived anywhere, had haggled over our rooms and our tables in the dining-room, did we relapse straightway into this condition of semi-coma? There were no attempts at conversation; only detached and apathetic murmurs. We took not the slightest interest in one another; our part in life was played. Left stranded, for the most part, by the marriage of our children, we had reached the stage when the important things are an open or a closed window, tea of exactly the right weakness, the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at night.

General Bostock, his wife, and the two friends who had dined with them, were in possession of the only visible card-table. Vaguely this was resented, but nobody cared enough to inquire if there were other tables. What I really needed was a pretty stiff whiskey-and-soda, but General Bostock's rapid glance at the clock told me the hour for that had not yet arrived. A huge man, whose purple-veined face attracted the flies in from the garden, was fanning himself with "The Financial Times," while his wife read aloud sentences from a letter, probably from their married daughter, since the ailments of children were minutely dwelt upon. And beside them, with glassy blue eyes fixed on space, and lips parted in a strange little smile, sat a powdered, over-dressed woman whom I had come upon more than once in out-of-the-way corners talking with dubious familiarity to the pages and lift-boys.

Each minute drawing us nearer to bedtime seemed to add an appreciable weight to the heaviness of the atmosphere. It was appalling, perfectly appalling, to think how we created this nightmare simply by sitting here together, simply by our collective existence. It was as if we each had to bear not only his own burden, but that of everybody else. We were a single comprehensive consciousness. I not only heard, but felt in my throat, the whistling breath of the purple-faced man; I felt the suppressed irritation behind General Bostock's laugh when his partner went three no-trumps without an ace; I was bored by the novel over which the lady in tortoiseshell spectacles was yawning. It was at this moment that the white kitten entered.

The door, you see, was open, to give us more air, and the white kitten came straight in, with tail erect, not pausing indeterminately on the threshold after the usual manner of its kind, but entering as if it knew it would find us there, and could give us just these few minutes. It was an extraordinarily beautiful creature: slender, lithe, white as snow, and light as thistle-down. Cat-like, it paid no attention to the "puss—puss" which made General Bostock look up from his cards. It bounded lightly on to the back of the purple-faced man's chair and patted his ear; then it sprang to the tub in the centre of the room, raced up the palm-tree, and raced down again. It danced across the room sideways, with arched back, to the novel-reading lady; it leapt on to the card-table; it crouched with quivering body in the middle of the floor before darting at whatever caught its fancy; for everybody now was calling it, waving things for it, trying to attract its attention from the others. And suddenly everybody was alive, the dullness had disappeared, the air was full of laughter and animation. General Bostock went five spades when the kitten jumped on to his shoulder. Only the eccentric lady remained immersed in her secret world of reverie, with fixed eyes that followed other visions.

But what had happened? Why were we all now gay as children at a Christmas party? And this mysterious feeling of friendliness—whence had it arisen? For twenty minutes, perhaps, the white kitten stayed with us: then it departed as suddenly as it had come. But it left us transformed. There was a murmur of plans for to-morrow: General Bostock told a story of a cat out in India, and the conversation became almost general. Was the whole thing accidental, or was it some master-stroke on the part of the management? Why should the sight of a white kitten have so enlivened us? What secret, passionate sympathy with youth was here revealed?

Later in the night, really late in fact, coming down for my book which I had forgotten, I switched on the light and discovered the white kitten lying asleep in the General's chair. So it had come back again, when we were gone. It looked as if a puff of wind might have blown it away. The small, bright, hard cat-soul, wandering in a feline dreamland, had left the slender, delicate body like a closed white flower. I glanced into the hotel gardens—soft and shadowy in the moonlight. Then, though I was probably making trouble for one of the servants in the morning, I opened a window, that the white kitten, when it awakened, might go out into its own world.

FORREST REID.

THE DRAMA

REVUES.

Vaudeville Theatre: "The Looking-Glass," By Albert de Courville and Edgar Wallace.

REVUES are nowadays what is apparently wanted both by the managers and the public. They have succeeded in knocking musical comedy into the shade and are diverting much of our best talent from the music-hall, which was the great English contribution to the nineteenth-century theatre. This being so, it is perhaps worth while to sit down and think out what a revue should be like, so as to avoid the muddleheadedness which at present works havoc with most experiments in this particular form of art.

"The Looking-Glass" is as good a stepping-off ground as any for considering what may be termed the aesthetics of the Revue. It is not a very good Revue, but, on the other hand, it is not bad as Revues go. The first half is rather futile, but it gets better as it goes on, and contains some amusing scenes, particularly the Traffic Block in Oxford Street, and a modern Cabaret, which took off very amusingly some amazing features of modern life and gave Mr. Mark Lester full opportunities to show his talents. But this Revue, like nearly all others, was spoilt by the complete vagueness of the authors as to the nature of their art. We cannot expect everything to be written by geniuses. Hence it is essential that the ordinary run of writers should be absolutely clear in their minds as to what they are writing about. A revue is an intimate affair, and hence a small theatre is necessary. This first necessity is fulfilled at the Vaudeville. It provides a perfect framework for a revue. Then a revue must consist of a criticism on current life. The form may be as loose as you like, but the point of view must be consistent, and great care must be taken in the selection of topics to be criticized. Aristophanes was presumably the best writer of revue: then there was an excellent tradition of revue-writing during the whole period of the Revolution, which collapsed under the censorship after the fall of Robespierre. Under the Restoration and the July Monarchy, revue acted as continual choruses in politics, and the tradition is alive to-day in France. Recently, at the Stage Society, Mrs. Mayor gave us a

first-class revue, "The Pleasure Garden," while the "Insect Play" had points. Revues may be shadowy in plot, loose in structure, but they must mirror, not eternity indeed, but the age.

The object of the revue is to make us feel part of a family together, and flatter us with the sensation that we are in the swim. Writers of revue would do well to bear in mind the words of Swift: "Wit hath its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair upon peril of being lost. . . . Such a jest there is that will not pass out of Covent Garden; and such a one that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde Park Corner." That is to say, the author must be just sufficiently large-hearted to include the whole of the audience in his set. We must be among the best people at Covent Garden or Hyde Park Corner. The authors appeared to understand this at the beginning. The Martians get into touch with Earth and are taken to see "The Looking-Glass," at the Vaudeville, in which they will see the modern world reflected for their instruction. So far, good—but, unfortunately, "The Looking-Glass" did nothing of the kind. It degenerated into a series of isolated turns, which showed the authors were still haunted by memories of the old music-halls. This is fatal, because revue must have unity, while absence of unity is the whole charm of the music-hall. Thus talent was lost, and nothing reasonable could be found for two very good new dancers—Stanley and Birnes—and even Miss Connie Ediss was wasted on some futile comic songs. It was a good idea to call in Mr. Hay Petrie to amuse us, but silly only to dress him up, when obtained, as an invalid. The rapid little sketches in which these artists appeared were only too often significant of nothing.

Above all, revue writers must be educated. They must have at their fingers' ends what is named sometimes in derision, sometimes in praise, "culture." For instance, at the Vaudeville, the scene "An Old-fashioned Cabaret" contrasted with the vulgarity of "A Modern Cabaret" was a good idea, essentially suitable to a revue. Unfortunately, the authors have read so little that the three characters in the sketch talked in five minutes the language of five decades.

Then why imitate the Chauve-Souris indefinitely? It was a very clever troupe, but never produced anything which was within ten miles of being a revue. Again we see the old music-hall getting into the brain of the revue-writer. Only occasionally did the authors mirror for the Martians the way of the world, the wit of Hyde Park Corner or Covent Garden, and then immediately, despite the inferiority of the music and the silliness of the dialogue, the entertainment became quite bearable. But really, by this time, Mr. de Courville ought to have learned the elements of his job. Unfortunately too many people are still of the opinion that in order to be witty it is sufficient merely not to think.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

THE Ex-Students' Club of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art produced last Sunday a very hopeful comedy by an extremely young writer, Mr. van Druten, "The Return Half." A trying young man with literary aspirations is sent off to the colonies by his parents, who can stand him no longer. He is thought to have been drowned at sea. His family then publish his poems, which are boomed mercilessly; biographies are written by persons who did not know him; and he has a huge posthumous success. Unfortunately, this tiresome young man has escaped drowning and "made good" as a chemist in New York. He returns on the eve of the publication of the "In Memoriam edition," but decides it is kinder and better to clear out again and leave his family to the lucrative image of him they have raised in his stead. There were naturally weaknesses in the play. Particularly, the author did not let us know early enough what he was getting at with his characters, and had to explain in Act III. much that should have been made

clear in Act I. He should study with care our Comedy of Humours. On the other hand, his morals are good and his observation acute, while in spite of lapses his dialogue was often witty. I am looking forward with great curiosity to his next play. With any luck Mr. van Druten has a real future.

The reappearance of Rachmaninoff in London this week brought all the players of the Prelude in C sharp minor flocking from the suburbs to the Queen's Hall. There is no doubt that if a plebiscite were taken in the British Isles, the Dominions, and the U.S.A. to-morrow it would declare Rachmaninoff to be the world's greatest composer. The C sharp minor Prelude is the musical equivalent of that well-known poem "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." Who will say that the authors of such works are not destined to live for ever in the public mind, even if their names are forgotten? Rachmaninoff, however, is a remarkably fine pianist, and those who shudder at his compositions may well tremble with joy when they hear him play. There are few pianists living to-day who can play the Chopin Valse in A flat major, Op. 64, No. 3, with the loveliness of rhythm and tone of the Russian pianist.

The story of the French film "Koenigsmark" (showing at the Philharmonic Hall) is taken from the well-known novel by Pierre Benoit. It is of the conventional "Rupert of Hentzau" type, and ought to have made an excellent film, but suffered so much at the hands of the scenario-writer that its plot has become muddled and unconvincing, its dramatic moments feeble. It is evidently impossible in film technique to treat a "mystery" in the literary or stage manner—that is, to discover suddenly that "there has been a murder." The spectators must be carried along step by step, and allowed to understand clearly what is happening, both in the camps of the hero and of the villain. The sentiment, also, in this film has been laid on very lavishly, and many of the interior scenes are of a horribly tawdry luxuriousness. By far the best piece of acting is on the part of the villain. The heroine, Mlle. Huguette Duflos, may be, as is claimed, the most beautiful woman in Paris, but neither her beauty nor her acting is suited to her part as the Grand Duchess, any more than the qualities of the hero to the rôle of the poet-tutor with whom she falls in love.

The Tivoli has put on this week a Metro-Goldwyn super-production entitled "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "adapted from the famous novel by Thomas Hardy." We are told in the programme that the producers have "outdone their fondest expectations" and "a masterpiece of literature has become a masterpiece of the screen." The setting is modernized; Angel Clare and Alec D'Urberville, both of immense wealth, pursue one another in Rolls-Royces; the meeting between Angel and Tess, when Angel comes back from Brazil, takes place in a London night-club to the music of a Jazz band; even at her lowest moments of fortune Tess wears a smart little costume from the Galerie Lafayette; the American film stars who take the parts of Angel and Tess are an advertisement-for-shaving-soap Jew-boy and a Ziegfeld Folly. The possibilities of the film are entirely neglected. Not a single cow is seen in this film, not a glimpse of the open downs, though, of course, Stonehenge gets its chance. Let anyone who wants to vomit see Angel take from his pocket a picture-postcard of Tess. I suppose one ought to be brave and take it all as a joke. For, after all, it is much like any other film. But it is not possible to do so. The horror of modern exploitations strikes in this film with overwhelming force. Profanation, vulgarity, and falsehood cannot go much further. The Tivoli aspires to be a leading picture-house. Its management should understand that by putting on this film they have given many people a good reason for staying away from them in future.

Mr. Dobson is holding an exhibition of water-colours and drawings of Venice, together with a few statuettes,

at the Independent Gallery, Grafton Street. Mr. Dobson's versatility is surprising. We know him already as by far the most interesting British sculptor of the present day; now he turns out also to be a very competent water-colourist. It is true that he continues to see things—be they buildings, trees, or bottles of mineral water—with the sculptor's eye for form and mass rather than for colour. As a result, these water-colours are often tinted drawings in which the colour seems slightly to obscure the extremely sensitive drawing beneath it. Yet the colour itself, especially in the pictures of buildings at Venice, is very delicate and well-arranged. Among the statuettes is a fine torso (No. 29) and a small study for Mr. Dobson's design for the Welsh National War Memorial.

The uproar about Mr. D. W. Griffith's "Love and Sacrifice" is a very good historical joke. It will be remembered that Mr. T. P. O'Connor censored this film because the picture it gave of the American War of Independence was unfair to the English. This was undoubtedly the case, but Mr. Griffith should not be too severely blamed, as he went to the more generally accepted authorities on the subject—the great English historians, Lord Macaulay, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, and other leading Whigs. It is gratifying to think that the historical conscience of Mr. O'Connor's office is so sensitive and up-to-date. No doubt the English Board of Censors knew perfectly well that Mr. Griffith, if he had wanted, could have given a fairer view of this remarkable struggle. He had only to consult the solitary works of a great American historian, the recently deceased Mr. Osgood.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

- Saturday, October 11.—Ethel Bartlett, Rae Robertson, and the Chaplin Trio, concert, at 3, at Æolian Hall.
 Sunday, October 12.—Sunday Players' Season, at St. George's Hall, at 8.15.
 Monday, October 13.—Isobel McLaren, Song Recital, at Æolian Hall.
 Joseph Coleman, Violin Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
 Week of English Opera, at Victoria Rooms, Clifton.
 Tuesday, October 14.—Professor D. S. Margoliouth on "The Origins of Arabic Poetry," at the Royal Asiatic Society.
 Wednesday, October 15.—Sarah Fischer, Song Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.
 Dr. E. A. Baker on "The Use of Libraries," at 5.30, at University College.
 Thursday, October 16.—Nancy Holland and Richard Ford, Song Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
 Friday, October 17.—Dora Stevens, Vocal Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

OMICRON.

UNTEACHABLE.

To some, thoughts flying into futurity's cloud;
 To some, pale provings mocking time and space;
 To some, the puzzling out to-day's hoarse crowd;
 To each his own: I run a backward race.

I have been wandering distant roads, have striven
 To win new comprehensions; much in vain.
 There's that within me cares not what is given
 By such migrations; of a stubborn grain,

This Hodge-like serf and tyrant trudges on,
 Grudges and growls at all my innovations,
 Lets new things go to rack when I am gone
 On other errands, sticks to's old vocations.

Caelum, non animum—nay, scarce he'll see
 An altered sky, and this, all said and done,
 I like him for; he'll sit by his old tree
 To eat his bit of dinner, out o' the sun.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE HARVEST OF AUTUMN BOOKS.

I DO not believe that anyone would disagree with the statement that too many books are published, if he had done what I have done during the last week or two—read carefully through all the publishers' announcement lists and marked those books which should be given a place in our Supplement. Both in quantity and quality the book harvest promises this year to be an average one. Unless unknown genius is to furnish us with most welcome surprises, there will be little or nothing of the very highest quality, though there are many books which one can look forward to reading either with profit or pleasure. I propose to select, from the enormous mass of undistinguished and undistinguishable volumes, a few which I think are above the average in interest. Naturally such a selection is biased by one's personal tastes, and my list will omit many books that other people would rightly include.

Biography, as our list shows, becomes more and more popular, a fact which seems to indicate sound judgment in the reading public. Many people will look forward to reading "The Life of James Elroy Flecker" (Oxford: Blackwell). I see that Messrs. Brentano are publishing a translation of "Paul Cézanne," by Ambroise Vollard; when I read this book in French, I certainly thought it a masterpiece. The translation of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," by Count Hermann Keyserling (Cape), is also of considerable interest. Readers of THE NATION will welcome in book form Mrs. MacCarthy's "A Nineteenth-Century Childhood" (Heinemann). The fourth volume of "Memoirs of William Hickey" (Hurst & Blackett) is another book to look forward to. Others which I would select are:—"Mazzini," by Edyth Hinkley (Allen & Unwin); "The Life of John William Strutt, Third Baron Rayleigh," by Robert John Strutt (Arnold); "Without Prejudice," by Margot Asquith (Thornton Butterworth); "John Keats," by Amy Lowell (Cape); "David Lloyd George, War Minister," by J. Saxon Mills (Cassell); "The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov," by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson (Cassell); "The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen: My Past and Thoughts," Vols. III. and IV., translated by Mrs. Garnett (Chatto & Windus); "Leigh Hunt," by Edmund Blunden (Cobden-Sanderson); "Mark Twain's Autobiography" (Harper); "The Life of Lord Wolseley," by Sir Frederick Maurice (Heinemann); "The River of Life," by John St. Loe Strachey (Hodder & Stoughton); "The Life of the Archpriest Avvakum, by Himself," translated by Jane Harrison and Hope Mirrlees (Hogarth Press); "Life and Letters of Rt. Hon. George Wyndham" (Hutchinson); "Ben Kendum: A Record of Eastern Travel," by Aubrey Herbert (Hutchinson); "Politics from Within," by Rt. Hon. C. Addison (Jenkins); "Fugger News-Letters" (Lane); "Memorials of Albert Venn Dicey" (Macmillan); "Out of the Past," by Mrs. W. W. Vaughan (Margaret Symonds) (Murray); "Lord Minto," by John Buchan (Nelson); "Master Richard Quyny," by E. I. Fripp (Oxford University Press); "The Byron Mystery," by Sir John Fox (Grant Richards); "Memories of the Foreign Legion," by M. M. (Secker); "The Letters of Olive Schreiner" (Fisher Unwin); "Recollections and Reminiscences," by Lord Hawke (Williams & Norgate).

After Biography the deluge—of novels. To pick and choose among the novels is extraordinarily difficult, but here is my attempt:—"Sturdy," by Pierre Custot (Cape); "Spring Sowing," by Liam O'Flaherty (Cape); "Innocent Desires," by E. L. Grant Watson (Cape); "Elsie and the Child: A Tale of Riceyman Steps," by Arnold Bennett (Cassell); "The Old Men of the Sea," by Compton Mackenzie (Cassell); "Tents of Israel," by G. B. Stern (Chapman & Hall); "The Polyglots," by William Gerhardt (Cobden-Sanderson); "Those Barren Leaves," by Aldous Huxley (Chatto & Windus);

"Orphan Island," by Rose Macaulay (Collins); "Something Childish," by Katherine Mansfield (Constable); "A. O. Barnabooth," by Valery Larbaud (Dent); "The Nature of a Crime," by Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer (Duckworth); "The White Monkey," by John Galsworthy (Heinemann); "The Grub Street Nights Entertainment," by J. C. Squire (Hodder & Stoughton); "Seducers in Ecuador," by V. Sackville-West (Hogarth Press); "People, Houses, and Ships," by Elinor Mordaunt (Hutchinson); "Arnold Waterlow," by May Sinclair (Hutchinson); "Pipers and a Dancer," by Stella Benson (Macmillan); "The Old Ladies," by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan); "The Roadside Fire," by Madeline Linford (Parsons); "The Boy in the Bush," by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner (Secker).

In "Criticism, Literature, and Essays" there is little of outstanding interest. The Cambridge University Press are publishing "A History of Early Eighteenth-Century Drama, 1700-1750," by Allardyce Nicoll, and "A History of Persian Literature in Modern Times, 1500-1924," by Professor E. G. Browne. "John Donne: a Critical Study," by Hugh I'Anson Fausset (Cape), ought to be an interesting book. The Oxford University Press is publishing "Restoration Comedy, 1660-1720," by Bonamy Dobrée. Among the essayists are Maurice Baring, "Punch and Judy, and Other Essays" (Heinemann); Robert Lynd, "The Peal of Bells" (Methuen); Rose Macaulay, "A Volume of Essays" (Methuen). In History "The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1815-1822," by Professor C. K. Webster (Bell), is certain to be an authoritative book on a really interesting historical subject. Other important historical works are "The Mediaeval Village," by G. G. Coulton (Cambridge University Press); "The Hittite Empire," by John Garstang (Hodder & Stoughton); "A History of the University of Oxford," by Sir Charles Mallet (Methuen); "Sidelights on the Thirty Years' War," by Hubert G. R. Reade (Routledge); "Tudor Economic Documents," edited by R. H. Tawney and Eileen Power (Longmans). Among political and sociological the following should be of interest: "Conflict of Policies in Asia," by T. F. Millard (Allen & Unwin); "Germany and the World Tragedy," by Theodor Wolff (Benn); "Kenya," by Norman Leys (Hogarth Press); "Prison Reform at Home and Abroad," by Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise (Macmillan); "Labour, Social Reform, and Democracy," by Dr. A. S. Rappoport (Stanley Paul); "Britain, Egypt, and the Sudan," by M. Travers Symons (Palmer).

Space compels me to treat the other classes of books very summarily. Messrs. Heinemann are publishing an English translation of "Isvor, the Country of Willows," by Princess Bibesco; I have been told by a good judge who read it in French that it is a remarkable book. "Tidemarks," by H. M. Tomlinson (Cassell), and "Sunward," by Louis Golding (Chatto & Windus), are two travel books which should be something more than mere records of travel. In poetry "Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Conrad Aiken (Cape), is of considerable interest. In New Editions Messrs. Constable are publishing the "Halliford Edition of the Complete Works of Thomas Love Peacock" in ten volumes. This season sees the completion of Messrs. Heinemann's Tusitala Edition of Stevenson in thirty-five volumes, which is a model of what a "pocket edition" should be; the same publishers now announce the Skerryvore Edition, the first complete "Library" Edition of Stevenson. The magnificent "Shrewsbury Edition" of Samuel Butler, which will be completed in twenty volumes, has now reached its eighth. Messrs. Fisher Unwin are to publish the "Atlantic Edition" of Mr. Wells's works in twenty-eight volumes. The Nonesuch Press publish a superb edition of Wycherley in four volumes.

LEONARD WOOLF.

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REVIEWS

METAPHYSICS AND ART.

European Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By BENEDETTO CROCE. (Chapman & Hall. 16s.)

It becomes increasingly difficult to be patient with Signor Croce's books, whether they take the form of applied criticism (as in the case of "European Literature in the Nineteenth Century") or critical theory. To some extent this is due to an unfortunate tone, nowhere so apparent as in this latest book—a tone somewhat truculent, somewhat peevish, as of an old pride injured and angry, a tone alternately magisterial and patronizing, and not infrequently malicious. Have these things a place in criticism, or need Signor Croce so often go out of his way to throw derisive stones at other critics, his predecessors and contemporaries? One is annoyed by his repeated habit of doing so, and, passing beyond one's annoyance, one makes the unpleasant discovery of the large place which intellectual vanity takes in Signor Croce's motive. Impossible, of course, to exorcise this—every critic must have his secret share. But when, somehow injured, it begins to affect the critic's tone, to discolour emotionally his perceptions and judgments, one loses that comforting belief in his impartiality which one is so willing to exert. It is only because Signor Croce is a very respectable citizen of letters that one makes an effort, in this regard, to overcome one's distaste. And then one discovers that this is not the least difficulty which he presents.

One does not mean by this that there is anything abstruse or difficult in the book itself, which is a competent, if unexciting, survey of twenty-five rather capriciously selected nineteenth-century figures. One would even be glad if several of these chapters had been in this sense more difficult—one cannot feel that Signor Croce has adequately "seen" Scott or Stendhal or Manzoni or De Musset, to name but a few; and if he comes closest, in his treatment of Caballero and Monti and Baudelaire, and perhaps Leopardi, to enriching definitely our perceptions, he certainly does not enrich them very much. He has, too, his own quite emphatic sense of values, which prompts him to put Manzoni above Balzac and Byron, and to state that the works of Scott are not at all to be considered as "art or poetry," but as something else (?); and which, while it compels him (reluctantly) to diminish severely the stature of Leopardi, enables him to hail Carducci as perhaps the greatest poet of the century, "a poet-Vates, a heroic poet, an ultimate pure descendant from Homer," and the author of a poetry "suited to prepare and to comfort man in the battles of life with its potent, lofty, and virile tone." With this, which is simply a judgment, one sympathizes or not, according to one's taste. It is not in one's disagreement, here and there, that one feels a growing difficulty, a sense of obstruction and failure, but in something more profound.

This profounder something, which alienates one's sympathies, is in part Signor Croce's persistently metaphysical view of art, a view almost religious in intensity, hostile to all other views, and aimed primarily (so one feels) at a philosophical justification of art, not at a functional understanding of it. He begins with the hypothesis that art is something sublime, absolute, and autonomous; and his purpose seems not so much to attempt an analysis of its causes and roots in human nature as to assign it a metaphysical place. Perhaps one ought not to quarrel with this. What one has more right to resent is the fact that, while Signor Croce's view is so clearly a metaphysical one, nevertheless he claims to be "scientific." Is it necessary to note that science does not always profitably build on large, loose, unverified assumptions, and that a modestly empirical method of investigation is sometimes better? But Signor Croce's method is that of a generous hypothesis or two followed by an "argument," an elaborate logical structure, which as often as not is pure verbalism, and often enough is not even good logic. In "The Essence of the Aesthetic," for example, he says: "And if it be asked why art cannot be a physical fact" (he has just stated that it is not) "we must reply, in the first place, that physical facts do not possess reality, and that art, to which so many devote their whole lives, and which fills all with a divine joy, is supremely real; thus it cannot be a physical fact, which is something unreal." The reasoning, the assumptions, do not seem flawless; nor, granting the idealist

position, can one perceive precisely on what Signor Croce bases his discovery that one's feeling (relation) toward a work of art is real, while one's relation toward an apple (say) is not. One could multiply instances of this sort of logistic thinking, a vague verbal juggling, which gets him again and again into terminological difficulties from which the only escape is a quibble, and which take him always farther from a genuinely scientific approach to his subject. Art, in all this, is nowhere, is lost in the absolute, or at best is glimpsed for a moment as "an aspiration enclosed in the circle of a representation," or as something of which the only "judgment . . . is philosophical."

This, of course, is not very helpful; and it is odd that Signor Croce, who, in his preface, claims to be scientific, loses no opportunity of referring sarcastically to those who employ the methods of biography or physiology or psychology, or (as he likes to put it) "erotic psychopathology," in their effort to grasp the nature of art or to understand its function. Why should this irritate him so intensely? One suspects him of being half aware of the hollowness of his position, and of its inadequacy; its inadequacy, that is, in providing him with a means of approach to his subject. For, unhappily, his view of art as autonomous and absolute; and his thence-deduced disbelief in categories, "kinds" and "classes" of art; and his further deduction that "form" and "material" cannot be isolated for study—these views force him to make of his criticism very largely a sort of examination of souls, often conducted in a moral light, and with apologetic reference to the influences of time or place or history; apologetic, because these seem to suggest that there is a part of art which is, in a sense, "external." And precisely here one sees why it is that one always, in these critical notes, feels a little cheated. It is because Signor Croce is himself cheated. His "view" will not permit him, on the one hand, to employ psychology and biography in his study of a poet's "behaviour" or development; nor, on the other hand, can he sufficiently admit the separability of form or literary class to devote himself to a minute testing of the principles there at work, and of the extent to which those principles control the writer or are controlled by him. We get from Signor Croce, therefore, neither a careful and precise analysis of style (from the linguistic or historical or prosodic or psychological viewpoint, coming to the aesthetic) nor an analogous study of motive, but an attempt, necessarily confused and incomplete, to give both at once in a somewhat sentimental, paraphrastic commentary on an author's character as revealed in his work. This Signor Croce sometimes does admirably, as in his study of Baudelaire; yet one wishes that he could free himself from his metaphysical and logical difficulties (which are unreal) and allow his perceptiveness and power of analysis a fuller play. "How does it come about" (he asks, after quoting a passage from Maupassant) "that these commonplace reflections, these poor words, move us to tears?" Well, how does it? Signor Croce does not answer his question, appearing to think that to have asked it is sufficient; it is a sort of question which he seldom raises, and answers almost never. And yet one is inclined to think that it is exactly here that criticism begins—where, unfortunately, Signor Croce leaves off.

In a sense a critic qualifies as intelligent more by his awareness of aesthetic problems than by his solution of them—the solution is apt to be temperamental, not logical, is not necessarily right or wrong, and one is free to agree or disagree, to sympathize or not, according to one's own temperament. It is when the perception of a problem is acute, rich in perspective and implications, that one honours a critic and profits by him. Signor Croce gives us, of this perceptive sort, little light; his theory of art as "intuition," and all the verbal paraphernalia dependent thereon, keep him, inevitably, close to mediocrity as a practical critic, since the intuitionist can only say "like" or "dislike," not pausing to say why. And as for the amazing metaphysical structure which he builds about art—dare one breathe the suggestion that it has, somewhat, the appearance of high-class intellectual fake?

Mr. Ainslie's translation is marred by obscurities and errors, and by peculiarities of grammar. "Vile are thou that has woven a mantle of infamy; may it remain upon thy back," he translates a passage from Berchet.

CONRAD AIKEN.



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Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters. By THOMAS BEER. Introduction by JOSEPH CONRAD. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

THE inopportune of genius in emerging in a community that does not comprehend it has rarely been better illustrated than in Stephen Crane's fitful appearance on the American scene in the 'nineties. Shelley's case is a classic English example, but "Atheist" Shelley escaped to Italy from John Bull and the Britannic scheme, whereas Crane came to England, and gained nothing by the exchange of domicile. He was visibly ill at ease, both in London and Oxted, and should have lit his camp fire in Texas or Mexico, the only regions his heart ever warmed to. Unfortunately, Crane married at twenty-six, and had to maintain his household gods by his pen, and still more unfortunately the Spanish-American War of 1898 lured him to Cuba, and three weeks of a war-correspondent's hardships undermined his consumptive constitution. Crane died in May, 1900, and America hastened to ignore the work and deny the memory of the only literary genius it had produced in a generation.

Mr. Beer's closely woven and incisive Study shows us in detail why Crane's genius was everything that the good American, who loved both sensationalism and sentimentalism, disliked and feared. Crane, born in 1871, the fourteenth child of a Wesleyan minister who was "too simple and good to know anything about humanity," reacted early against his tame environment, and later, as a Jersey reporter, preferred the society of "odd people," such as circus-riders and bar-keepers, to that of "nice women," school teachers, and summer boarders. At nineteen Crane had read "Salammbô" and Tolstoy's "Sebastopol," and had decided that American writers were "not sincere," American magazines were "no good," American religion was "mildewed," and the Bowery was the only interesting place in New York. At twenty Crane, now a free-lance reporter on the New York Press, had written "Maggie," a study of Bowery life and morals, which, so Mr. Beer informs us, is still almost unknown to Americans. I fear that few English people have read this little masterpiece of irony, which in style and in remorseless sincerity can stand beside the best work of the Russian masters. In spite of Hamlin Garland's and W. D. Howells' enthusiastic commendation, no publisher or bookseller would look at "Maggie," which was published at Crane's expense, and later, served to light fires in his gloomy lodgings. Copies now sell at fifty pounds. In 1893 Crane wrote "The Red Badge of Courage" in ten days, and sold it to a syndicate for a hundred dollars. The story, which brought showers of both approving and furious letters from old soldiers, was published by Appletons in October, 1895, and was an instantaneous success, all the American reviewers being enthusiastic. So Crane became famous at twenty-four; but Mr. Beer points out significantly that no notice of the book except Howells' "mentions the ironies chasing themselves through 'The Red Badge.'" And an exquisite sense of irony mocking the passions was at the core of Crane's genius. The English reviewers in turn, assisted by Henley, "The New Review," and George Wyndham, helped to swell the chorus of praise. The subject, the American Civil War, was then a glorious living memory, and now the coy, timid magazine editors came yelping on Crane's track, and his bundle of Texan and Mexican stories, the fruit of a trip made in 1895, was gobbled up by "McClure's." Crane was dined and lionized in breezy fashion by journalists and fellow authors, but, with his faculty for piercing to the marrow of a matter, he remarked: "It seems I can do any damn thing I want to, but to be let alone." And Crane's success made him many enemies. As early as the spring of 1896, Mr. Beer tells us, baseless rumours of Crane's dissipations and drug-taking, which subsequently grew into a solid marmoreal legend, accepted by all good Americans, were clustering round him.

After an unsuccessful effort to get into Cuba on a filibustering steamer sunk in the attempt, from which adventure was born "The Open Boat," another masterpiece of narrative, Crane came to England in the spring of 1897, and rushed off to Greece as a war-correspondent. A pure artist by temperament, Crane was a failure at this work, but his week of wandering about the Greek defensive lines bore fruit later in "Death and the Child," a sketch which Joseph Conrad always spoke of as a perfect gem of crafts-

manship. An attack of dysentery in Athens was followed by Crane's marriage to an American lady "who had fallen in love with him at Jacksonville and come after him to Greece," and by their setting up their establishment at Ravensbrook, a villa at Oxted. And for their English period anybody interested in Crane must turn to Conrad's charming Introduction to Mr. Beer's book. From my personal knowledge of those years I can confirm everything that Conrad says about Crane's sensitiveness, sincerity, and earnestness. No one but Conrad could have conveyed so delicately and justly that feeling of Crane's clear-eyed intensity and the brooding shadow in his smile. The fact is that Conrad's affectionate interest drew out Crane's deepest and finest elements, and he became calm in Conrad's company, whereas the offensively vulgar set of journalists who hugged him to their Bohemian bosoms, invaded his house, and ate and drank at his expense both irritated and excited Crane.

In Crane's genius there was certainly an element of weakness which Conrad in his sympathy has minimized. Crane deeply admired Conrad not only for his work and adventurous life, but for the force of his personality. Unfortunately, Mrs. Crane, as I noted in my visits, showed no discrimination in her hospitality, and much of Crane's time was wasted in entertaining people with whom he had nothing in common. Looking back now upon his last years, I think that Crane's blazing success was perhaps his misfortune. It brought him into contact with men of the world such as Harold Frederic, who understood his genius so little as to bluff him into writing his weakest work, the novel "On Active Service." And here I revert to my opening note, the inopportune of genius. "The Red Badge of Courage" has sold, I believe, a score of editions since Crane's death, but "The Open Boat," which contains Crane's finest things, has been steadily and coldly ignored both by American and English "critics." Exquisite pieces such as "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," "Death and the Child," "The Pace of Youth," "An Ominous Baby," "An Experiment in Misery," all pure triumphs of style, are so little known that I doubt if one in forty of my readers has even heard of them. And as for "Maggie," the tale which Howells remarked with truth has "the quality of Greek Tragedy," not one in sixty has read it. And how many remember "Black Riders" and "George's Mother," little masterpieces for which the connoisseur would exchange a ton of ordinary talented verse and prose? I have analyzed elsewhere the art of Crane, "a pure artist, brilliant, remorselessly keen, delighting in life's passions and ironies, amusing, tragic, or grimacing," and I hope that Mr. Beer's valuable, sympathetic Study, which in its tessellated manner admirably recreates the American atmosphere of the 'nineties, will lead to a revival of interest in the works. I understand that after a good deal of heart-searching an American publisher has taken his courage in both hands, and is about to issue a Collected Edition which is twenty years late.

EDWARD GARNETT.

A CONRAD STORY.

The Nature of a Crime. By JOSEPH CONRAD and FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Duckworth. 5s.)

I SUPPOSE for most readers of "The Nature of a Crime" the main interest will lie in an attempt to trace Joseph Conrad's share in that suave and graceful tale. I cannot pretend that in this endeavour I myself have been particularly successful. The whole story, in its spiritual atmosphere (or perhaps I should say in its lack of a spiritual atmosphere), strikes me as definitely unlike Conrad. It is difficult to imagine the author of "Lord Jim" creating so highly sophisticated a person as the central character, the "criminal," who is presented to us in this series of letters written by himself, who is a quite unmoral person, capable indeed of sentimental renunciation, but only because this particular renunciation appeals to him aesthetically. The letters, written to the lady he loves, form a confession, a last confession, for he is determined to put an end to his life when the bundle is dispatched.

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a few days, when the Burden boy shall have come of age, the truth must be revealed. So there is but little virtue in his belated confession, and less in the excuse he finds for his lapse from rectitude, his "crime." This, he assures the lady, has its sole origin in his love for her; it is because of the hopelessness of his passion that he has tried to find forgetfulness in a counter-excitement, and, needless to add, he feels and expresses the greatest contempt for young Edward Burden, his dupe, who trusts him implicitly, and in the end refuses to have the accounts examined.

Such a subject, it is true, one might conceive of as treated by Conrad, but treated ironically, and I can find no trace of irony in "The Nature of a Crime." There is nothing to mark the scale of moral values—no contrast, no depth—the nameless author of the letters is accepted at his own estimation, is a "superior" person, unconventional and liable to be misunderstood by simple folk, but certainly "superior."

Conrad himself, in his preface dated June, 1924, seems almost completely to have forgotten his share in "this small piece of collaboration." "No doubt our man was conceived for purposes of irony," he writes. But was he? How can the irony have so entirely evaporated that what remains has even a slightly sentimental flavour? Mr. Hueffer, in his preface, is almost equally vague, turns rapidly from the subject to write of the collaboration that produced "Romance." And indeed there is very little to say of this story, this little novel, such value as it may possess lying almost wholly in the grace of the writing, which does charm the ear. But, for all its grace, we shall not discover Conrad's secret in it, nor will even the most ingenious find it easy to fit this odd piece into "the figure in the carpet."

FORREST REID.

SHAKESPEAREANA.

Master Richard Quyny, Bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon and Friend of William Shakespeare. By EDGAR I. FRIPP. (Oxford University Press. 10s.)

THIS work is a compilation of facts concerning Shakespeare's friend Richard Quyny (more usually written "Quiney") and other burgesses and citizens of Stratford; in addition, it contains a number of assumptions and conjectures concerning Shakespeare, an attempt to represent the poet as a morally blameless man, and a disputable interpretation of the Sonnets.

The value of Mr. Fripp's book is confined to its quotations from old documents and the Quiney letters, from which a reader gleams picturesque and quaint facts concerning the Stratford of Shakespeare. Richard Quiney is a figure in the meagre Shakespearean biography; his father was a friend of John Shakespeare, his son married Judith Shakespeare, and the Birthplace possesses a letter from Quiney asking William Shakespeare for a loan of £30. A commentator is surely justified in asserting considerable intimacy between the two families; but very little else is positively known. Mr. Fripp is lavish of conjectures; "we may believe," "no doubt," "doubtless," "may have been," "probably" appear many times in his pages. He identifies Quiney with the "young friend" of Shakespeare's who died early, mentioned by Aubrey; he may have been, but it is not certain. Indisputable evidence about the life and relationships of William Shakespeare is woefully small; we know there was such a man, we know a few facts of his life, we have his writings—the great, the important fact—but the rest is mystery and conjecture, "darkness visible." There will, therefore, be no end to the biographies of William Shakespeare and to the fantastic theories about the "real" authorship of his works, theories of which Mr. Fripp is sanely contemptuous.

It is interesting to learn that "Master Shakespeare" bought "one book" from among the effects of Robert Young, who deceased March 1st, 1595. Alas! the entry does not say "Master William Shakespeare." The glimpses of Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen are often amusing; as in this resolution of the Stratford Council:—

"Agreed by all the Company now present that Nicholas Barnhurst, in consideration of his lewd and bad speeches used in the Council Chamber as well to George Badger in

calling him *knave* and *rascal*, as in using divers other abuses to the rest of the Company then present, from henceforth shall be no longer one of the Aldermen but quite put out of the Company for ever."

In the early months of 1597 there was an epidemic at Stratford which removed such characters as old Mistress Weaver, the Puritan recusant; Thomas Deege, the old weaver; William Rogers, the Sergeant at the Mace; and John Bromhall, the parson. That is a glimpse of old England. Here is another: in September, 1598, the Stratford Council passed a resolution concerning the great disorder caused by the Tipplers "thorough their unreasonable strong drink, to the increase of quarrelling and other misdemeanours." Abraham Sturley, of Stratford, was in correspondence with Richard Quiney when the latter was in London on borough affairs. His letters are entertaining. "Master Baily doth baily it right well. Your household are in health and ours. William Cooke is shuttle and will not be brought to our bow." Again: "W. W., R. L., J. S., J. S., junior, blow the coals of despatch and disgrace, and flinging the garbage of their alely entrails in our very faces, do what in them lies to blot every good proceeding." "Alely entrails" is good. And once more, in November, 1598, Master Sturley to Master Quiney: "Take heed of tobacco, whereof we hear per William Perry. Against any long journey you may undertake on foot of necessity or wherein the exercise of your body must be employed, drink some good burned wine or *aqua vitæ* and ale strongly mingled, without bread for a toast; and, above all, keep you warm."

Mr. Fripp can hardly be praised except as a compiler of the minutiae of ancient Stratford life. When he ventures into biographical conjecture and critical interpretation he is less admirable. When trying to prove on internal evidence that Shakespeare was an "attorney's clerk in his early manhood" he says: "It is impossible for him to write anything without betraying the attorney"—an absurdity worthy of Bouvard and Pécuchet. One might argue on similar lines that Dickens must have kept a public-house. The "evidence" that Shakespeare was at Stratford in 1590 and 1593 is not conclusive. Richard Quiney's children were baptized William (1590, d. 1592), Anne (1592), William (1593), Mary (1594), John (1597). It will be observed that these are the Christian names of Shakespeare, his wife, his mother, and his father; the coincidence is striking, but hardly warrants the important conclusion that Shakespeare was in Stratford in 1590 and 1593 to act as godfather to these two Williams. We do not positively know that Shakespeare was in Stratford between 1584 and 1596; Aubrey's note that "Shakespeare visited Stratford once a year" is not conclusive. Mr. Fripp wishes to establish regular visits because he does not believe that Shakespeare deserted his wife for a period of years; neither does he believe in the reality of the dark lady of the Sonnets.

This endeavour to make Shakespeare respectable is responsible for an interpretation of the Sonnets which is both arbitrary and disputable. After an attempt to explain away the "dark lady" sonnets (127-154), Mr. Fripp says: "Let who will find infidelity in such creations; Anne Hathaway, we will hope, had more sense." Had she so? She might possibly have suspected something had she read Sonnet 129:—

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action," &c.,

and the bitter Sonnet 138, which ends:—

"Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be."

It is not much to the point to show that the "dark lady" is described in contradictory terms; lovers are subject to antithetical moods and Elizabethan poets to antithetical conceits. It is by no means certain that "Mr. W. H." stands for "W. Hall," as ingeniously conjectured by Sir Sidney Lee. Neither is it certain that the references to the rival poet "only and splendidly fit" Marlowe; they also fit Chapman, whose works might have supplied the phrase "affable familiar ghost." Mr. Fripp places the date of composition very early, 1590-1593; he interprets Sonnet 107 as a reference to the years immediately following the Armada. Other interpretations are equally possible. As an example of fanciful

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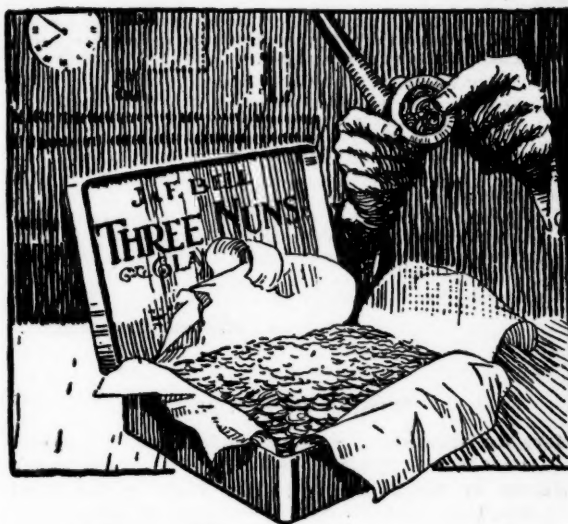
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interpretation of Shakespeare's poetry the following passage may be quoted:—

"In a Catholic environment he set his heroine, his first ideal English maiden, a mere sketch, but full of charm, dear to us in the song of her praise:

'Who is Sylvia? What is she
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she:
The Heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.'

Here indeed (and Shakespeare never threw off the Calvinist) is the Protestant doctrine of *grace*; but Sylvia's holiness is of the old devout, naive kind, examples of which might be found in wealthy and cultivated homes in 1590, none the less sincere and winsome because of its endurance of persecution."

What would Matthew Arnold have said to that?

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

WOMAN IN HISTORY.

Mary Wollstonecraft. By MADELINE LINFORD. "The Road-maker Series." (Parsons. 4s. 6d.)

Woman in World History: Her Place in the Great Religions. By E. M. WHITE. (Jenkins. 8s. 6d.)

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THE cynical mind, said Mr. MacDonald at Dundee the other day, is often the lazy mind, and his words might with advantage be taken to heart by those who prattle incessantly about sex antagonism. There is no surer amulet against a morbid concentration upon present discontents than a cultivation of the historic sense. To isolate the present is to magnify its imperfections; whereas to see the present as "the child of the past and the parent of the future" is to appreciate its solid attainments and possibilities. The acquiring of the historic sense does not necessarily imply detailed and laborious scholarship. It only demands a reasonable exercise of intellect and imagination. Those who grudge that exercise will always be looking, alike in the political and the domestic field, for some miracle to accomplish what can only be achieved by the effort which they withhold; and so they will remain for ever disillusioned. It is always those who will do nothing themselves who expect "the Government" to do everything; and, similarly, the men and women who rebel most querulously against the "limitations" and "vices" of the opposite sex are invariably those who have given least thought to the evolutionary causes that have conditioned the differences in sex psychology, and to the consequent difficulties of bringing them into harmony.

Miss Madeline Linford, who is to be congratulated on a very agreeable literary style, does not lack the historic sense, as is shown by her contrast between the position of women under the Puritans and in the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, she sometimes falls a prey to the conventional generalizations with which many women are apt to represent their kind as abused. Mary Wollstonecraft, she says, "suffered at every turn from the narrow limits which bounded the range of her sex. She was hampered by poverty, poor education, the tyranny of men, and by the hard, conservative bitterness that greeted every step she took towards progress." It is true that Mary Wollstonecraft did suffer from masculine cruelty; but other passages in Miss Linford's pages indicate that she uses "the tyranny of men" in a more general sense. It is against all that is loosely suggested by that phrase that Miss White protests in her able, well-documented, and very readable book. It must not be imagined that, in declining to share the not uncommon indignation of her sex, Miss White has attempted a one-sided defence of man. Far from it. She knows well enough the evil men can do, and she does not minimize it. But, as she traces comprehensively, if briefly, the evolution of woman from earliest times to our own day, in the light not only of history, poetry, and legend, but of geography and economics, she maintains that, while there has been much individual cruelty, there has seldom been, in any part of the world or in any age, a deliberate and systematic degradation of women. Life may often have been hard to woman, as when, in primitive times, she was compelled to be the burden-bearer because the man must be free at any moment to deal with

enemies and dangers. But, on the gradually unfolding page of evolution, men and women are alike revealed as responding naturally to their environment—to the prevailing climatic, religious, and other conditions of their time and place—and unavoidably working out their destiny in collaboration. The fact that only recently have women become politically conscious does not mean that only recently have they gained power or even freedom. In distant epochs of the world's history, as in ancient Egypt, they have, among the privileged classes, where freedom for man and woman was alone known, enjoyed a full measure of liberty; and in every age and country their influence has made itself felt and has often brought them the rewards which at the time they most desired. If in the past, Miss White argues, women have been so oppressed as many of them to-day suppose, their long submission does not reflect creditably upon their intelligence and courage. Nor, we may add, is it conceivable that, with the growth of political consciousness, they could suddenly have developed the rare intellectual, scientific, and other qualities revealed by the six well-known women workers for the League of Nations, whose biographies are briefly told, in very simple English, by Miss Hebe Spaul. Whether or not Miss White's main argument be accepted, she has at least written a book which, inspired by a singularly alert historical sense, is full of vision, good feeling and wisdom. It is a book that cannot fail to quicken understanding and to foster that positive, constructive tolerance which is the corner-stone of freedom and progress.

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SOME there be who have no memorial; of some the praise has been reported; autobiographers are a tattered company and memoir-writers a disreputable host; they, indeed, are few whose private daily records have in themselves the stuff of immortality. And never man kept such a diary as Samuel Pepys. Six volumes he filled with laboured shorthand during many a late hour of candlelight, "Till the bellman came by with his bell . . . and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.'" The result is an unapproached self-portrait, a piece of reality rescued from time's passage and decay.

The Goncourts, Greville, Amiel, may be caviare to the general; not so Pepys. He had a zest for life and an eagerness to see and to know that recalls Donne's "hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning." "Very curious to observe," he found his world; and he viewed it with healthy eyes that were too independent to make use of other people's glasses. But his very faithfulness and his stark candour in setting down the endless intimate details of his thoughts and feelings and actions, adding up his life in little daily sums, compel us to examine the man, as it were, through a microscope, rather than see him in a mirror. If we are not historians of the Restoration, or students of psychology, we are grateful for such a book as Mr. Bradford's, where the unwieldy bulk is subdued to selective purpose.

The author's avowed intention is portraiture, a different thing from biography. He must, therefore, within limits, be free to choose his material as he will, and it is merely point-less to regret that some favourite entry may not have served him. He would show us Pepys at the Navy Office, at the Play, at the Royal Society, at home; Pepys making money, making love, making music; Pepys and his dealings with his country, his property, his wife, and his God. Indeed, he has produced an extremely interesting book that may be compared, not always to its disadvantage, with works of more evident scholarship. Its faults are as obvious as they are, relatively, unimportant: the needlessly high key; prose which, designing to be informal and persuasive, is frequently uncared for; the recurring even-as-you-and-I tone we have learnt to associate with sub-titles at the cinema; and the moral itching to extenuate the failings of a very natural man. This said, the portrait remains a vivid and sensitive one, just in its main proportions, subtle in the smaller touches of light and shade. Most important, we



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quickly gain the comfortable assurance that the author knows his Pepys, and is not likely to betray us in points of fact.

Mr. Bradford, following tradition, brands Pepys an "average man." Coleridge's happy conceit, "pollard man," is wiser. He is furnished with ability of a practical order passing the common; he has tact and vigour and no imagination; a man of the seventeenth-century world that made him. "The ablest man in the English Admiralty" (so Macaulay) loses stature when he quarrels with his wife, "I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me," or squanders money on other women, "God forgive me! I could not think it too much—which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it," but he never loses his humanity. Above all, in the poignant tragical episode of Deb. Willet.

In public affairs he was upright, as his time reckoned honesty, and he disliked corruption and folly even in high places: "the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemayne at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and they were all mad in hunting a poor moth."

His scientific curiosity led him to the Royal Society (and the President's chair), where learned discourses satisfied his self-esteem when they did not nourish his understanding. Music he loved greatly, and for once his engaging vanity is silent. His literary opinions are more remarkable for their independence and freshness than for any abiding worth. At the play he is very happy, and an evening is none the worse for a kiss from Nell Gwynne. In church there are many distractions, and sermons may be dull. Mr. Mills "preached such a sermon . . . that I could have wished he had let it alone," but Mr. Gifford's discourse was approved: "a very excellent and persuasive good and moral sermon. Shewed like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villany."

Surely the painter of literary portraits never had richer material ready to his hand. Mr. Bradford has carried out to admiration his modest proposal "to make it more available for those who have not the patience to deal with it in its tangled entirety." He will not only interest his readers: he will also induce some to dip at first hand into this rarest of human documents.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

Oxford Cathedral. By S. A. WARNER. (S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d.)

ABOUT 1,200 years ago there lived at Ouseford, then an obscure village on the borders of Wessex, a lady famous for her beauty and virtue, of the name of Frideswide. She was the daughter of a local Chief, and with her father's help founded a nunnery of twelve virgins of noble birth, of which she became the head. After a life of good works and much danger, through which her chastity was always miraculously preserved, she died; and was not forgotten. Her nunnery, indeed, was destroyed in the troubles of the time, and its nuns scattered; but two hundred years later there was established on its site a Society of Secular Canons, to whose schools, according to some authorities, the first origins of the University of Oxford may be traced. In time these secular canons also disappeared, and about the year 1120 there was founded the Priory of St. Frideswide—of the Order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine—out of which the modern College arose. By these monks the old church was rebuilt—much the same in its main outline as we now know it—and to its shrine on February 12th, 1181, with great pomp and rejoicing, the bones of the blessed Frideswide were brought. For 340 years more the life of the Priory went on. It became for a time fairly prosperous and important. A chest of St. Frideswide, for the help of poor scholars of the University, was established in its church. In the year 1480 the blessed Frideswide herself was enrolled as a Virgin in the great company of the Saints, to be venerated for all time, and especially on October 19th, her festival, as the patron saint of Oxford.

But the Priory of St. Frideswide, for all the virtue of its saint, was never a very satisfactory foundation. Its property was not well managed. Its discipline was not good. It is not perhaps surprising that Wolsey, the great cardinal

who had once been a Fellow of Magdalen, and preserved nevertheless a genuine love of learning, should have obtained the Pope's authority to convert it, with other monasteries and nunneries, into his new Cardinal College, which he spent the last years of his life in establishing, and by which he hoped to "eternize" his name. In the year 1524 the last Prior, John Burton, surrendered his office; the first Dean, John Higden, was installed. Some twenty years later, after the death of Wolsey and the dissolution of Oseney Abbey, the newly established Bishopric of Oxford was attached by Henry VIII. to the College, and the old Priory Church became a cathedral. A few years afterwards the shrine was destroyed, and the bones of the Saint cast out. The English Reformation had begun.

For more than 100 years the struggle of the two religions—the old and the new—went on, and led sometimes to surprising results. What can be stranger, for instance, than the fate of the body of Catherine Martyr, once a professed nun, who came to the College in the time of Edward VI. with her husband, Peter Martyr, the Protestant champion, and now Regius Professor of Divinity? On her death Catherine Martyr was buried as the wife of a canon, within the Cathedral; but with the restoration of the old faith under Queen Mary the body was disinterred and cast forth as a pollution from the church. After the accession of Queen Elizabeth it was resolved that this wicked act must be reversed, and the Sub-Dean was ordered to find out and reinter the remains. In the course of his search, however, he found not only the body he was seeking, but the bones of Saint Frideswide herself, preserved in two silken bags. With the English genius for compromise, it was decided that all the remains must be reinterred, but in such a way that neither body could be identified; and somewhere under the Cathedral floor the bones of these two women, the holy Virgin and the renegade nun, repose inextricably together.

With the restoration of King Charles II. the peculiar Protestantism of the Church of England, as defined by Act of Parliament, was for a time rigorously enforced; and a peace, which seemed to many people then, as it seemed afterwards to the leaders of the Oxford Movement, to be perilously near the peace of death, gradually fell upon the Church. There was, indeed, a short interruption in 1686, when a Roman Catholic named John Massey became Dean, but with the expulsion of James II., Massey also disappeared, and was never afterwards referred to, even in the official list of Deans. The age of ecclesiastical dignity had come. The Bishops remained in quiet comfort in their Palace at Cuddesdon, and the Cathedral Church of Christ at Oxford became hardly more than a college chapel, a little larger but not more impressive than other chapels of the kind. The undergraduates were seated with their backs to the altar on benches which occupied the whole space of the choir, benches from which kneeling was "all but impossible," and, in fact, not attempted. Even the Episcopal Throne, which was described as "meanness itself," and very rarely occupied, contained upon its desk a prayer-book emblazoned with the words "Christ Church Chapel," as a warning, perhaps, against ecclesiastical pretensions. The music was wretchedly bad, the choir a "disgrace to the authorities." Even as late as 1864 the rubrics were defied; there was no weekly celebration. Worst scandal of all, the verger who lived in the South Transept, finding his quarters there too narrow for his domestic requirements, was "allowed," we are told, "to keep his store of beer" under the pew which was occupied by the ladies from the Deanery. But already a new spirit was at work. Another restoration was at hand. The verger's beer and the offending benches were cast out; a new Bishop's Throne and a new organ were introduced; and about 700 years after the first translation of the bones of St. Frideswide her church was gradually transformed into the pleasant Anglican Cathedral that we know. Mr. Warner's little book is full of information, much of it interesting, some of it amusing, some trivial and unimportant. It is, on the whole, a fairly good account of a most interesting place, and has been put together with great industry, though the arrangement might well have been improved. It contains some excellent photographs.

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D'ANNUNZIO OF THE 'NINETIES.

Le Faville del Maglio. Vol. I., *Il Venturiere senza Ventura e altri Studii del Vivere Inimitabile.* By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. (Milan: Treves. 27.50 lire)

PERHAPS the heading is something of a misnomer, since the last and longest section of this book was written in 1907, but the point is that in it we return to D'Annunzio the artist and aesthete, with a sensibility that comes within measurable distance of that of Proust himself, before he had reached his full development as a man of action in the war. Traces there are of the mysticism which belongs to this later period, and which in a man like D'Annunzio is merely a transformation, a sublimation of the sensuality to which his art is indissolubly linked. "La mia divinazione fa mi certo che, oggi e domani e fino al transito, l'opera di carne è in me opera di spirito, e che l'una e l'altra opera concordano nell'attingere una sola unica bellezza." And he insists on the point in more than one passage. The contents of this volume are taken from an old book cover on which, following the example of a mediæval Florentine merchant, on whose private trade journal he had chanced, he wrote "Regimen hinc animi," and in it he collected all the fragments written for his own amusement, "per chiarezza di se," which he did not use. Readers of D'Annunzio will come across familiar passages here and there, and among the contents are the three Parables which have already been printed more than once. They are excellent specimens of his style at its very best. Repelled by the ascetic interpretation of Christianity that so prevails in ecclesiastical quarters, he saw himself, in the days of his high æstheticism, as a kind of Anti-Christ, preaching the doctrine of the enjoyment of all the beautiful things God has given man, in opposition to the doctrine of renunciation. Nowhere does he do so more successfully or nobly than in the Parable of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins, as he retells it, one of the most beautiful things he has written. There is not a trace of sensuality to offend the most fastidious. In Dives and Lazarus his Lazarus falls from Heaven into the abyss, damned for ever, as he realizes all he has lost when he hears the rich man singing, amid the flames of Hell, of the good things he has enjoyed on Earth, and he, Lazarus, has missed.

This book as a whole will be extraordinarily interesting to those who have read a good deal of D'Annunzio; others will not be able to make so much of it. In it we come as near catching him in his artistic shirt-sleeves as he is ever likely to allow us. The value of work of this kind lies in the light it throws on its author, and D'Annunzio is not only a great lyric poet; he possesses that intense interest in himself, that power of making himself the centre of the picture, which belongs to the best of the diarists. We see it at once in the opening "Venturiere senza Ventura," where he is riding through Florence like one of her old enemies, and finds something essentially feminine in her, "tricked out with her golden river as with a necklace given her in the centuries by all her jewellers."

D'Annunzio truly says that he is Ovidian in the rapidity of his Metamorphoses. The long "Secondo Amante di Lucrezia Buti," which takes up most of the volume, is far from easy to follow, so rich and varied are the allusions and the imagery, so Protean the many forms under which he sees himself. The ecstasy into which his vivid imagination sometimes threw him has made him dread to be seen by other eyes when at work, as he shows here in his shrinking before the unexpected interruption even of a woman. The book, by the way, is dedicated to the Duse, "apparizione melodiosa del patimento creatore e della sovrana bontà." "I am no writer of the study," he says proudly; indeed, he tells us in the introduction that in writing "in chiarezza di me" he has often written "a lode di me," without any qualms. "I am an unwearying artificer of life, united to the whole of life, attuned to the universal life by my language, which is my mother tongue and which is also inimitable," as the pedant who will one day pronounce his funeral oration will point out. Someone who saw him speak, and noticed his sensual delight in words for their own sake, told him he had the mouth of a faun and the look of a demi-god.

"Il Secondo Amante di Lucrezia Buti" is in great measure the story of his schooldays at the Jesuit College of Prato, consisting, he tells us, of seven allegories which he has evoked from his memory, though they have obviously

been a good deal mended by his imagination. He appears as the leader in all rebellions against authority, and the transformation his teachers undergo in the full flood of his boyish fancy can well be imagined. Precocious though his understanding of the beauty of language undoubtedly was, the wealth of recondite learning he pours forth for his own amusement in his most lavish manner is obviously far beyond the reach of any schoolboy. Some of the anecdotes clearly prefigure the man. There is, for instance, the almost mystic import attached to the pelican's bone which he steals from the school museum; or the revolt against the music-master who wished to force the free, supple, well-shaped hand of the eleven-year-old boy into a style of piano-playing not his own, when he had already learnt to appreciate the music of water, even in the running of the three taps to which he used to listen ecstatically while he worked, regulating them to suit his ear; or his insisting on answering the responses when called upon to serve the Mass in John Chrysostom's Greek, like Bembo and D'Annunzio's fellow Jesuit Maffei, in order not to spoil his Latin. Whether strictly in accordance with the facts or not, these stories are certainly true symbolically of the writer of this volume.

L. COLLISON-MORLEY.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Swift in France. By SYBIL GOULDING. (Paris: Champion. 15fr.)

How can one form opinions on the value of books written in languages which one cannot read? There are probably only two English books famous in France, "Robinson Crusoe" of Defoe, and "Gulliver" of Dean Swift, unless we add the novels of H. G. Wells and Florence Barclay. But the Dean might well be horrified by the nature of his fame, though gratified by the fact of it. The contemporary translation by the Abbé Desfontaines is as soft and flabby as the real "Gulliver" is hard and dry. No pains were spared to remove anything at all disagreeable from the text, and every incident was made the peg for infinite moralizing. The result was triumphant. The *siècle sensible* wept floods over the book without ever understanding in the least the real intentions of the author. The imitators were legion, each more genial than the last. It may, in fact, be said that only one person of distinction understood "Gulliver," and he had read it in English—the author of "Candide" and "Micromégas." As with us, the children seized hold of Gulliver, who during the nineteenth century became the hero of several very pleasing Christmas pantomimes. (It may be remembered that Gulliver was staged in Ireland during the lifetime of the Dean.) But all this fame had not much to do with the *severa indignatio* of the author. The Abbé Prevost took the "Modest Proposal" and "The Arguments against Abolishing Christianity" quite literally, and was very properly shocked. The general opinion, however, was that the Dean was a man of very pretty and pleasant humour. All these interesting facts and many others of the same kind can be read in "Swift in France." Perhaps it is better not to go abroad for one's spiritual home.

* * *

Tents of Israel. By G. B. STERN. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

The old-fashioned novel, its three decks thronged with people, is coming into vogue. This novel is a tribute to "The Forsyte Saga." The anecdotal detail, the adventures, of the Rakonitz Tribe, wandering over Europe for a century and sending an advance-guard to England, are probably based on actual family records, and though bewildering in their multiplicity, they bring a comfortable sense of substance, of inexhaustible variety and circumstance. The tribal tree, in its ramifications, is a veritable banyan, but the reader, by studying the genealogical chart provided in an appendix, may find his way. From the mass of family detail the main ideas appear clearly—the domination of tribal tradition, kept intact by a matriarchal, rather than a patriarchal, system, and the sacrifice of the individual. The story revolves around Anastasia Rakonitz, a wonderful study, and her grandchildren, Toni and Danny. Toni absorbs the traditions of her family, but Danny is oppressed by them, and having eventually learned the circumstances of his birth, finds that he is not a Rakonitz. Free to marry Toni, he realizes that she has developed the matriarchal instincts of Anastasia, and that he must choose between liberty and tradition. The tragic climax is finely developed.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

THE TRADE OUTLOOK—THE QUEENSLAND LOAN—THE EGYPTIAN DEFAULT.

A PART from political disturbances, the international stage seems at last to be set for a world-wide revival of trade on a scale such as we have not seen since the war. (The great boom of 1920 was, after all, much more a price and profit boom than a boom in the volume of production.) The main factors which are leading to these developments are, in a sense, unfavourable to ourselves, since they are founded upon a great rise in the relative prices of certain food grains and raw materials. But this will not prevent them from exercising a favourable influence on the foreign demand for our exports, since they serve greatly to increase the purchasing power of our biggest overseas customers, who for at least three years past have been suffering impoverishment on account of the low prices obtainable for their produce. It is, indeed, a question whether we have gained more by the recent low prices of agricultural produce relatively to other commodities than we have lost by the disturbance which this abnormally low price has caused to the equilibrium between the industrial and the agricultural producers of the world.

At any rate, the favourable signs of the growing purchasing power of our biggest customers are unmistakable. The price of wheat in Winnipeg now stands more than 60 per cent. higher than it did at this time last year; that is to say, the big price rise to which attention was called in *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* a few weeks ago has been doubled. Likewise, the price of jute, which in the form of raw material and of its manufactures constitutes about one-third of the whole of the exports of India, has also risen more than 60 per cent. These are striking examples out of a movement which has affected a number of commodities. Cotton, it is true, is about 10 per cent. cheaper than it was this time last year, but the increased volume which it is expected to handle should compensate for this. The increases in the price of wheat and jute by themselves constitute an enormously important phenomenon of vast influence on the course of international trade. The effect has been seen already in the sharp stiffening of the rates of exchange on the exporting markets. The rupee, in spite of huge imports of gold into India, has risen rapidly from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6½d. The Argentine peso has improved in the last few weeks from 42d. to 46d. Even the Brazilian milreis is firm. The South African and the Australian exchanges, particularly the latter, have risen sharply in favour of those countries and against London. Indeed, in the case of Australia, the extent of her surplus funds in London has brought about a rate of exchange which allows in effect a substantial discount on the price of British exports. Even in China, where the civil war stands in the way of trade, the exchanges have moved favourably to that country on account of the recent rise of about 10 per cent. in the value of silver; which means that Manchester can raise the price of her piece goods by 10 per cent. without their appearing to cost more to the Chinese purchaser.

Thus we have all the symptoms that an unusual volume of purchasing power is accumulating in the hands of the agriculturists of India, Australia, South Africa, and North and South America. A further factor of importance tending towards the creation of boom conditions is to be found in the policy of the United States Federal Reserve Board, which seems to have abandoned for the time being its policy of restriction of credit and to be allowing matters to take their course. The unre-

cedented abundance of bank funds in New York, and the absence of any attempt at the moment to put a brake upon its consequences, is very likely to produce its effect as soon as the Presidential Election is out of the way.

The latest Colonial issue on the London market is the 5 per cent. loan for £4,000,000 offered by Queensland last Monday. Owing to the relatively bad credit of Queensland the yield on this loan, namely, £5 4s. per cent. (taking everything into account), is somewhat higher than on other Colonial issues. Nevertheless, it still represents a gilt-edged rate of interest to a borrower who less than a year ago was held by City opinion to have behaved with doubtful good faith to foreign interests. The attendant circumstances of this loan well illustrate the objections to this type of borrowing,—at least, on the scale which has become customary. There is no indication that the loan will be directly helpful to British exports, and it will be mainly operative by depreciating our exchanges. The prospectus contents itself with the general statement that "The proceeds of this issue will be used for expenditure on railways, main roads, advances to local authorities, and for other public works and services." The issuing Government does not deign to make any statement in the prospectus as to the position of its finances (thus failing to follow the recent good example of New Zealand). The loan has attached to it no specific sinking fund whatever, although the State may have its own sinking-fund arrangements applicable at its own option. We attach great importance to the absence of this provision. If a loan is allowed to run to its maturity without any reduction in the amount outstanding, it is more than probable that the whole sum will require to be renewed and nothing will be paid off. The only way to secure repayment by the due date is to have a specific sinking fund attached which operates year by year by purchase in the market. It is only through insistence on this provision that we have obtained as much repayment as we have obtained in the case of loans to South American Governments. Failing more drastic reforms, it should undoubtedly be made a condition of all Colonial loans which are admitted to the privileges of the Trustee Act, that they should carry a specific sinking fund of not less than 1½ per cent. cumulative, to be applied annually by purchase or by drawings.

The default this week of the Egyptian Government in respect of the Egyptian Tribute Loans is one more example of the precariousness of loans to foreign Governments and the willingness of such Governments to allow their credit to fall into disrepute in any case in which their requirements for new borrowing are not urgent. The liability which the Egyptian Government accepted for the service of these bonds is stated unequivocally on the face of them, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to that Government's full liability. It may be, however, that this particular default will be only temporary, and operate as a sign and a warning rather than as a definitive loss to bondholders; since the Egyptian Government has expressed its willingness to accept a decision of The Hague Tribunal as to its liability. Meanwhile, the natural course for the bondholders, in the first instance at least, is to apply for a decision to the Egyptian Courts themselves. Messrs. Rothschild, who are the agents for the bonds, are taking action in conjunction with the Committee of the Stock Exchange, the Council of Foreign Bondholders, and other City interests. Any holder of these bonds should put himself in touch with Messrs. Rothschild.

AMONG CHRISTIAN REFUGEES. LIFE AT SALONICA TO-DAY.

(BY AN EYE-WITNESS FROM LONDON.)

WITHIN the past few weeks I have seen sights so terrible that the memory of their horror will never leave my mind. That is no mere figure of speech, but a grim fact. I have seen four thousand men, women, and children herded together in hunger, thirst, dirt, rags, and semi-nakedness, crowding the deck of a cargo ship. Common decency was impossible. The ship was not built for passengers.

They were refugees fleeing for their lives and bound for Athens. For nine days and nine nights they had been on voyage from the Black Sea, huddled together like cattle. Then drinking water ran short and the ship had to put in at Salonica for a fresh supply. When that water was obtainable the scene was indescribable. There was only one pump. Directly it was set going the whole crowd seemed to make for that one spot, shouting, gasping, struggling, squeezing, each striving to fill his or her tin can, all eager to satisfy their terrible thirst.

That sorrowful shipload, that seething mass of stricken humanity was the product of Turkish barbarity. One hundred and sixty of these refugees had been in prison for forty months, and had been marched straight on to the deck in all their filth and rags, covered with dust and caked with mud. They had left behind them one hundred and twenty of their fellow-countrymen who had been tried (?) by the Turks, sentenced, and hanged or shot, all within the space of two brief hours.

And so the horror goes on. That tragic ship is but one of many many others. Islam is fighting Christianity, and, in the fight, cares not one iota what weapons it uses. The Armenian nation is being wiped out. Ten years ago its population was five and a half millions. To-day, only two and a half millions remain, and those who do remain have tasted, or are tasting, the bitterest draughts that life can give. Men are torn from their children and wives and then murdered. Women and girls become the victims of their oppressors' sensuality and suffer a fate that is worse than death.

All this is going on within a few days' journey of our own land. The majority, the overwhelming majority of us do not know the facts, do not want to know them, would rather ignore them. That is a terrible indictment to make against Christianity. These refugees, a multitude that no man has numbered, have committed no crime, wronged no one. But that does not save them from their fate. The Turk will work his will upon them, seeking, above all things, their utter extermination.

What is being done to stem the tide of such gigantic oppression? Our political leaders proclaim their impotence. In the House of Commons, on June 30th, the Prime Minister said: "Every effort was made during the Lausanne Conference to provide for the continuance of the work of reclaiming forcibly Islamized women and children which had been successfully carried out since the Armistice by a League of Nations Commission in Turkey. I regret, however, that the Allies failed to obtain any satisfaction on this point on that occasion, and I see no prospect of success if the question were reopened at the present moment." . . . "We have hitherto not been able to ratify the Treaty of Lausanne." And so the matter stands, as far as political influence and action are concerned.

There is, however, one bright spot in this dark and terrible picture. A number of Christian missionaries—men and women whose hearts have been touched to pity—are spending their lives among the refugees, sharing their sorrows, and doing everything in their power to afford relief. But the funds and other resources at their disposal are sadly inadequate for the vastness of the need. The Armenian Massacre Relief Fund, of which the Rev. S. W. Gentle-Cackett is the Secretary, is striving to strengthen the hands of those missionaries by sending out much-needed grants-in-aid. Mr. Cackett's office is at 358, Strand, London. Those NATION readers who wish to help in this work of mercy should communicate with him without delay. A little goes a long way. Ten pounds will maintain and educate an Armenian Refugee Orphan for a whole year.



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